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THE RAT IN RETIREMENT.

FROM LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.

THERE lived a Rat, says Eastern story,
Who made devotion all his glory;
Enamored of a quiet life,
And weary of the world, or wife,
To pass the remnant of his days at ease,
He sought the shelter of a large Dutch cheese;
Seeking therein much more than food, —
Retirement, and deep solitude.
He nibbled and scratched, and soon worked him-
self in,
And he delved very deep, — for Dutch cheese
is not thin.
At the bottom he found it would amply afford, —
'Twas all that he wished, — quiet, lodging, and
board;
Settled here at his ease, need I add that the
Rat,
Having "eaten and worshipped," soon found him-
self fat?
It chanced one day that a legation,
Deputed by the rattish nation,
To sue for succor and supplies
In foreign parts, from their allies,
Demanding alms upon the road,
Sought our secluded saint's abode.

VOL. IV. — No. 46.

28

They told the purport of their mission:
Their country's desolate condition;
Invaded by the feline foe,
And wants still wider, — wasting woe;
Ratapolis the tabbies leaguer,
They quitted it in haste so eager,
That sudden sent without their pay,
The embassy must beg its way.
Small aid they asked, for Heaven be praised,
The siege, they said, would soon be raised.
"My friends," replied our devotee,
"The world and its concerns affect not me:
We long since parted.
Yet let me not be thought hard-hearted;
I give to misery all I have, — a prayer, —
And hope high Heaven may make you much its
care!
What can a solitary pauper more?"
He spoke, — and speaking, closed the door.
Whose is this image, reader, can you guess?
"A monk's, I ween." — What! rich and piti-
less?
A monk slight the poor! O, no; 'tis a dervise!
A monk, we all know, would have rendered 'em
service.



THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VI.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.

THE utter amazement of John Steiner at the announcement that Mr. James was his father, can hardly be described. But instead of wildly exclaiming, and throwing himself in the arms of his newly found parent, he acted much more naturally, and stood still and looked stupid; and when he did find his tongue, his remarks savored very strongly of unbelief.

"If you really are my father," said he, "why did you not tell me so before?"

"Ah! my son," said Carl Steiner, "it is a long story, and I will tell you all about it in order. When I have set all the facts before you, I think you will not have the doubts that I see clearly govern you now."

Betty, who believed in an instant that this pleasant-spoken and amiable-looking man was of course no other than John's long-lost father, was delighted; and after a little conversation and congratulation, she left them, promising to come down to the gate and bid them good-by, if they left the next day, which she hoped would not now be the case. She firmly believed that, to have everything made all right, it was only necessary to have a father.

As they walked together to the mansion house, Carl Steiner (for Mr. James's tale was true) told John his story.

"When I left you with the Koppels," said he, "it was to go to Bremen to look up your mother's relatives. You may not know it, but she was of a better and a richer family than mine; and although the match was not approved of by her relations, she received, at her father's death, a regular yearly income, which nearly supported us. A year or two before her death, the quarterly payments ceased; and it was to discover if they would not be continued to her child, that I went to Bremen. There I saw the lawyer who had sent her the remittances, and he informed me that her sister (her only surviving near relative, and who had charge of the little estate) had married and left Bremen. All he could tell me was that her husband was an Englishman named Miller, and that there had been for a long time no funds in his (the lawyer's) hands, for payment

to my wife. So I set off for England to find the Millers, for I felt sure that there was some fraud in the case. The bequest to my wife would not certainly cease to have effect before her death."

"I wonder if it is this Mrs. Miller," said John.

"I thought of that myself," said Mr. Steiner, smiling, "as soon as I heard the name of that family; but Mrs. Miller, I find, is not a German, and was born in this neighborhood. It is a very common name, you know. Well, to take up my story again. I spent all my money in England, and could hear nothing of my wife's sister, or her husband. I became very poor, — could not send for you, or send you any money; and felt ashamed to write until I could do one or the other. I heard that it was reported that I was dead, — and I was not sorry for it; for now, I thought, the Koppels will do for my son what I cannot do, and my miserable condition need be known to none. If I ever get my just dues, I will send for him, and repay everybody. But if I had not been so anxious to find my wife's relations, it might have been much better for my prospects, for I wasted a deal of time and money in the search for them. I got down from bad to worse, and for several years have been in the service of Mr. Matthews, doing much and getting little. When I first saw you, I had no idea you were my son, and never discovered it until you signed your name to the note you wrote to Mr. Matthews. The next day I heard your whole story, as you may remember. But I was too ragged and poverty-stricken to announce myself to you. I feared you would be sorry to know me as I was. But lately Mr. Matthews, having overcome some of his pecuniary difficulties, has paid me a portion of what he owed me; by means of which money I was enabled to dress myself somewhat more respectably, as you see, and to make this journey up here. You cannot tell how, for the last year, I have longed to see you, and to discover myself to you."

Although John was glad enough to think that this man might possibly be his father, it was not until a long conversation had taken place in reference to what he could remember of his early youth, and what the Koppels had told him, that he fully believed that the forlorn and ragged Mr.

James — now this decent and genteel elderly gentleman — was his own real father. The longer, however, they talked together, and the more he thought over the kindness of his father when he was Mr. James, the stronger grew John's filial feeling, and he went to bed that night a happy boy. He was no longer an orphan in a strange land. The next morning Betty's belief in the value of fathers received a heavy blow; for although Sir Humphrey listened very kindly to Mr. Steiner's request that his son might be given another chance to show himself entirely reliable in the baronet's service, still the old gentleman declared that the example would ruin him, and that John must go. However, he gave him an excellent letter to a friend he had in Norfolk County, and very sincerely wished him well.

So the next day John and his father set off for Norfolk, stopping on the way to bid good-by to little Betty, who had been waiting at the gate for an hour. The parting was quite an affectionate one all around, but Betty was the only one who cried. At Ramsdale they took a stage, and on the evening of the next day they entered Norwich, near which town was situated the estate on which John hoped to find employment. When he presented his letter the next day, he was taken into the service of Squire Maxwell, Sir Humphrey's friend; but he never gained the position, or felt the combined freedom and responsibility which had made the situation under the old baronet so agreeable to him. After boarding in the town for a week or two, Mr. Steiner found employment as a copying-clerk in the office of an attorney, and was delighted that he was thus enabled to remain near his son, and not obliged to go back to London and Mr. Matthews's gloomy rooms.

It was about the opening of the following spring, when the Steiners had been living thus for three or four months, that John was coming through Norwich (where he had been on business, and was on his way home), and saw a stage stop at an inn, and a lady get out whom he thought he recognized. The next moment he knew that it could be no other than Mrs. Miller, Betty's mother, and he ran up to speak to her. The widow was not surprised to see him, for she had heard he had a situation hereabouts; and as it was so far from home that he could do her no imaginable harm, she received him kindly, asked after his father, replied to him that Betty was very well, and extraordinarily cheerful; and informed him that she had come to this town on business, and that she should stay, she hoped, but

a few days; and then she went into the inn, and John went home. But that night his father came out to Squire Maxwell's — about three miles — to see him.

"It is rather strange," said Mr. Steiner, "but here has been Mrs. Miller — your little friend Betty's mother — at our office to-day, and she is all on fire about a Mr. Job Miller, her brother-in-law, whom she says has been cheating her; and I am almost sure that this Job Miller married my sister-in-law, and that he is the man I have been so long in search of."

"If it is," said John, "it will be an astonishing piece of good luck."

"Well, not entirely," replied his father. "When I spoke to Sir Humphrey about you, the night I was there, and he asked me which county I would prefer your living in, — Norfolk or Suffolk — for he had friends in both, — I replied Norfolk, because I had always heard there were Millers in Norfolk."

"So it was partly your foresight," replied his son.

"Yes," said Carl Steiner, "it was the result of my thinking of nothing but Millers for many years. But now I propose that you get a holiday to-morrow, and that we go and see Mrs. Miller, and find out something more definite about this matter."

The next day, with some little difficulty, John got a holiday, and joined his father in Norwich; and then they called on Mrs. Miller at her inn. Then she told her story, and they told theirs, and each one surprised the other. Mrs. Miller's trouble with her brother-in-law does not concern us particularly, and may be briefly stated as follows: Job Miller held some property in trust for her, and had failed to make the necessary payments. Finding no attention paid to her letters, Mrs. Miller had come to attend to the business in person; and had the day before put the affair in the hands of Mr. Tabb, the attorney by whom Mr. Steiner was employed. She was astonished to find that John's father had married a sister of Mrs. Job Miller, but said that she had no doubt, if matters were pressed, that it would be found that Job had tricked Mr. Steiner as soon as he got his hands on the property, which belonged jointly to his wife and her sister. But this pressing was likely to be a difficult matter, for Mr. Tabb had informed her that Mr. Job Miller was almost unapproachable by the civil law. He had got himself in so many difficulties with the neighborhood, that he was in constant fear of arrest, or summons to appear before a

magistrate; and it was almost an impossibility to serve a legal paper upon him, for he kept his house guarded like a castle.

"However," said Mrs. Miller, who was a woman of no small spirit, "I think I can serve a summons upon him; and as you say, Master John, that you have a holiday to-day, I think that you and your father had better go with me. He will never suspect a party of that size of any such errand, and we may all settle our business at once, perhaps."

This proposition was agreed to; and as the case was an urgent one, Attorney Tabb was enabled to get a summons, commanding Job Miller to appear before a magistrate in Norwich upon the next day. This he gave to the widow, and in a four-seated tax-cart they all set out for the Miller estate, which was about eight miles from the town. Carl Steiner had been making inquiries about these Millers for a month or two, but although everybody could tell him something in regard to Job Miller himself, no one seemed to know much about his wife. But on the way Mrs. Miller told him everything he wanted to know, and she took them by the most direct route to Job's house, which used to be the old family mansion, and where she had resided for a year or two after her marriage. It was tolerably late in the day when, under her directions, John drove the cart up to a large gate in the wall which surrounded the grounds pertaining immediately to the house. Getting down, he knocked, but nobody came. After knocking a few times more, he tried the latch; but the gate was locked, and nothing could be heard but the barking of a couple of dogs behind the wall. The cause of this reception was this. A quarter of an hour before, Job Miller, sitting in his little room in the corner of the house, saw coming down the lane, a spring-cart containing a man, a woman, and a boy. Puzzled to know what such a party could want at his house, Job watched them very carefully, and soon recognized the Widow Miller.

"Hello!" he cried to his man Jackson. "Here comes my sister-in-law, Miller! Run down and fasten all the gates, and let loose the dogs!" So when the widow arrived the gates were fast, and the dogs were loose.

After a great deal of banging, in which the whole party joined, Widow Miller began to scream for her brother-in-law, Job. The noise she made was entirely too heart-rending to be endured, and a man soon appeared at a little wicket in the gate, to ask her what she wanted.

She told him that she wished to see Job Miller, and the man told her that he had gone to Ireland, and would be back in a fortnight, and then he shut the wicket and departed.

"Now," said the widow, "I know he don't intend to see us. When he sends a man down with such an absurd lie as that in his mouth, he will never show himself, or let us in, if we stayed here a month. We may as well turn back."

And so they did. But when they had got out of the lane into the high road, the widow said, "Now then, do not go toward Norwich, but drive in this direction, and we will soon come to a cart-road. Then we will go back to the house."

"Go back?" cried John.

"Certainly we will," said the widow. "I have no idea of leaving this place without seeing my good brother-in-law, Job. If he will not let us in fairly, we must get in as well as we can."

John highly applauded this idea, his father did not object; and so, when they came to the cart-road, they went back toward the house. It was now beginning to be dark, and the widow soon directed John to stop, saying that it was her opinion that Mr. Steiner had better remain there with the horse and vehicle, while she and his son should endeavor to get into the house by way of the garden. "If they discover us," said she, "they can do nothing but turn us back, for Job would not dare to consider me a trespasser."

So Mr. Steiner stayed with the horse, and John and the widow pushed forward in the now fast increasing darkness. The Widow Miller asserted that she knew the place as well as she did her own farm, and she proved that she was not mistaken. Leading John carefully along the cart-road, she soon showed him the garden wall, which lay directly in front of them, cutting off all further progress. There was a gate, which could just be discerned; but that, of course, was securely fastened. "But," said she, "if we walk along this way, we will soon come to the corner of the wall; and then, I think, we can get over."

"You get over this wall?" asked John, in surprise.

"Certainly," said the widow, "I intend to try."

When they reached the corner of the wall, they found (as the Widow Miller expected) a good many of the stones out of place. It had always been in bad order here, she said, as long as she had known it, and here she thought they could climb over. John found that he could climb up the irregular stones quite easily, but he was not so sure about his companion being able

to do it. However, he braced himself upon the top of the wall, reached down his hand, and by dint of hard scrambling, the widow (who was very active for her years) reached the top of the wall, although, at one time, she came very near pulling John down on her head. But getting down on the other side was not so easy, for there were no stones missing there, and the wall was quite smooth. But John thought that he might manage to lower Mrs. Miller down, if she would try to put her feet on any little ends of the stones that might be sticking out; and so the trial was made. As long as the widow kept one hand on the top of the wall, all went well; but the moment she had to let go with that, she went down with a rush; and John, who could not in time release himself from her other hand, was jerked after her in a twinkling. He came with his head right on her shoulder, and turned a complete somersault over her, landing on his knees in a newly-made garden-bed.

"Are you hurt?" hurriedly inquired Mrs. Miller.

"No," said John; "are you?"

"Not a bit," said she; "and now let us hurry on. We'll soon find if he is in Ireland, or not."

With the widow in the lead, the two took their way along the side of an inner wall, which separated the garden from the inclosure at the front of the house. They had not gone far, however, before they heard voices on the other side of the wall.

"Hello, Jackson!" said a man. "I hear some one in the garden there!"

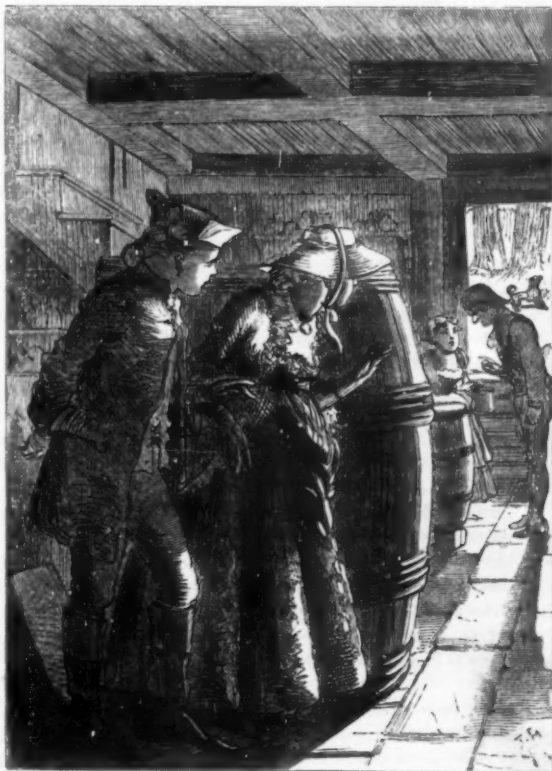
"O ho!" replied a voice at a little distance. "We'll take the dogs around, and hunt them out. Hurry, John, and get the key of the gate."

When Mrs. Miller heard this, she whispered to John, "We must waste no time now: follow me as quick as you can!"

Then along the garden path she fairly ran, and followed closely by John she safely reached the house. There was a small door opening from the garden into the hall, and springing up the few low steps, the widow tried to open it. But it was locked. This was bad, for it was on this door that she had placed her main reliance. But no time was to be lost. Dogs would not respect the sister-in-law of their master, and their barking could be already heard in the garden.

A cellar-door could be seen in the dimness, standing open near by.

"Down there with you! Quick!" whispered the widow; and in a trice they were both in the cellar. There it was as dark as pitch. They could see nothing at all; but the Widow Miller remembered its arrangement very well, and whispered to John that if they could find the stairs, they might get into the house that way. In a few minutes, however, she tripped over a bundle of fagots, and fell flat. By the exercise of the



utmost strength of her mind she restrained herself from screaming outright, and confined her exclamation to a muffled "Merciful me!" But she was not killed or wounded, and she soon got on her feet again without the assistance of John, who, to tell the truth, had been unable to find her. They now progressed even more cautiously than before, and the widow thought they must be near the cellar-stairs. This conjecture was soon proved correct, for a door at the top of the stairs, which were just in front of them, opened, and

down came a man carrying a jug, and a woman carrying a candle. The widow and John had just time to slip behind a great hogshead, before the new-comers were upon the cellar floor.

"Now, Mary," said the man, "do you draw this ale while I cut the cheese, for I trow it will be more than your hands can manage. But don't you fill the jug, for the master will be raging if more is drawn than he can drink."

So saying, the man went to a press and began cutting a piece out of a large, thick-skinned cheese while the woman put down the candle, and taking the jug, put it beneath the spigot of a large barrel near by. The man had just cut the cheese and put it on a pewter platter, when he heard a great shouting and barking in the garden.

"Hello!" said he, "there's that door open. Stupid Stephen has forgotten it when he put in the fagots. But I'll go and see what all that noise is about. Wait you here. I'll be back directly."

So he hurried away; and as the candle cast a feeble light over the fagots, he did not stumble over them. Now was the widow's opportunity. Motioning to John to follow, she slipped softly out from behind the hog-head, and stealthily approached the stairs. The woman, who was drawing the ale, had her back toward them, and could not see them. But she heard the creaking of their shoes, turned, gave one great shriek, and fled wildly after the man, who was now in the garden with the men and the dogs.

The widow was about to rush up the stairs, but she suddenly stopped. "Turn that spigot and take that jug," she quickly said; "I will carry the cheese and the light. Hurry up!"

In less than twenty seconds they were upstairs, and had locked the cellar-door behind them.

"Now, then," said the Widow Miller. "He is probably in his dining-room. We will take these things right in to him."

So saying, she walked rapidly along a wide hall, and entered a room on the right, John following her with the jug of ale. On a table in the middle of the room were two plates, a couple of pewter tankards, a great loaf of bread, and a fitch of bacon. At the table sat Mr. Job Miller, with his back to the door. He did not look around as they entered, and the Widow Miller walked up to the table, put down the cheese, blew out the light, and then taking the jug out of John's hands, she put that on the table too. As all this was done rather roughly, Mr. Job

Miller ceased digging his jackknife into the table, and looked up.

"What!" he cried, starting to his feet, "my sister-in-law Miller!"

"The very same, brother-in-law Job," said Mrs. Miller; and we have filled the jug, you see, because, having company, you will want more ale than usual."

"But you — why — how did you bring the ale? When did you come?" asked the astonished Mr. Job.

The widow then laughed, and told him exactly how she had managed to get in, with her young friend as a protector.

Mr. Job Miller looked as black as a thundercloud for a few minutes; but then he seemed to think that it would be better to conciliate this energetic woman, and so he said, "If I had only known who you were, you would never have needed to come into my house in that way. But I saw you at a great distance, and mistook you for another party, — people it would not do for me to see. That is the reason I sent word I was away from home."

"And locked your gates, and set loose your dogs," said the widow.

"O, we do that every night," said Mr. Job.

"But not so early as to-night," replied his sister-in-law.

At this, in rushed the man and the maid who had gone after the cheese and ale; and they were commencing a wonderful tale, when their master cut it off short by saying, "O, I know all about it! No more noise now, and go and put chairs for these two — and two plates" —

"O, brother-in-law Job!" cried the Widow Miller, "while you are doing all this, we must not forget this young person's father, who is now waiting in the cart-road with our wagon. But we may as well commence, without waiting for him. How is your good wife? Will she not come to table?"

"O yes," said Job Miller, "she will be here shortly. Be seated, both of you."

As they sat down to dinner Mrs. Job Miller came in, and, recognizing the widow, she greeted her quite cordially. She was a fat little thing, who did not look as if she had much to do with the management of family affairs.

A man was sent for Mr. Steiner, but supper was over before he appeared. Then the widow, fearful of losing her opportunity, told Job her errand. He laughed at her for imagining that he owed her money, or that all the claims of her late husband had not been fully paid.

"O, that will not do, brother-in-law Job," said the widow. "Here is a letter you wrote me not two years ago, in which you promised to settle with me very soon. And here is another. Have you any receipts to show, later than those dates? And there, read that," said she, handing him the third paper.

He glanced over it, and then jumped up from his chair. "Why, this is a summons!" he cried. "Woman, what do you mean?"

"I only mean, brother-in-law Job," said the Widow Miller, "to make you answer before the magistrates for the money you owe me; and as nobody else could summon you, I undertook to do it myself."

Job walked up and down the room for some minutes, during which the widow sat up very straight in her chair; Mrs. Job Miller looked as if she was not altogether sorry that her husband had got caught at last; and John appeared very much dissatisfied at being made a spectator, and, to a degree, a participant in family troubles. Presently Job spoke. "I don't care so much about what you have done," he said, "but I know who is at the bottom of all this. It is that scoundrel, Tabb. He set you up to this. You never would have done it of yourself."

"There you are mistaken, brother-in-law Job," said the widow. "I thought of the whole affair myself."

Without heeding this remark, Job went on, — "But I'll pay him for it, — I'll make him wish he had never been born. I'll turn him out of his house and home, and his son shall go packing too, — for his lease runs out at Whitsuntide."

Job Miller went on in this strain for some time, and his hearers easily deduced from his remarks that Mr. Tabb was heavily indebted to him, and that Mr. Tabb's son had leased a farm of him,

out of which farm he was to go when his lease ran out. During the tirade against poor Mr. Tabb, who was to be persecuted thus severely, Carl Steiner entered. He bowed to Mr. Job Miller, and then walking up to his wife, he said, "How are you, sister-in-law?"

Mrs. Job Miller looked at him for a second in utter amazement, and then she cried out, "O, I know you! you are my Sister Gretchel's husband, — Steiner. How do you do?" This she said with considerable animation, but the moment afterward she felt that she had made some mistake; and dropping Mr. Steiner's hand, became confused and disturbed. And well she might, for her husband turned on her like a tiger.

"Steiner!" he shouted, "what Steiner? This is no Steiner, you miserable fool!" and if the Widow Miller had not been present, he would most probably have struck his wife in his anger. But he could not get rid of Steiner's identity in that way. The widow, and Carl himself, gave him to understand that his wife was exactly correct, and that her immediate recognition should be borne witness to by them, should the case of Mr. Job's retention of Gretchel Steiner's little fortune be taken before a court. But Job Miller cared not one whit for all their assertions and declarations. He was madder than a whole nestful of hornets; and calling to his men to open the gates, he put the whole party out of his premises, not even listening to Mrs. Miller's suggestion that Mr. Steiner had had no supper.

The cart had been left outside of the gate, and the three companions, well satisfied at having gained not only entrance to Mr. Job Miller's stronghold, but the object of their visit, rode gayly to Norwich under the light of the full moon.

HOW THE PEOPLE IN THE PICTURES DANCED THE GERMAN.

'Twas a pretty little chamber when the pleasant sunlight flooded it, and all the dainty things on wall and shelf were gilded by the cheery light. But now the windows were darkened with blind and curtain, and through the half-open door stole in only the soft gray of the deepening twilight.

All day long the occupant of the room had tossed restlessly with blinding headache, but just at sunset her weary eyes had closed in profound

and peaceful slumber. The gray of the twilight had faded into evening, when through the still, dark room, there went a rustle and stir, as if the sleeper was waking. She lay, however, calm and tranquil, the lids drooping heavily over the tired eyes.

A soft light begins to pervade the thick darkness, and the engravings on the wall glow faintly, with the sunshine stirring among their depths, and twinkling and glancing over their moving

waters. The pictures are all giving signs of life, and strange proceedings are about to take place.

A little flower-sprite, which has reclined for years on the twining stems of a morning-glory, peeps out from the shadow of the flower; and then raising herself on her elbow, swings airily down from the vine, and perches herself on the foot-board of the bed. She stands there nodding to an engraving of some sculptured maiden hanging above the bureau. The maiden lifts her head, which for an untold length of time has drooped pensively on her breast; and gathering her drapery about her, changes her uncomfortable position, and comes down from her pedestal. A brisk walk over the bureau seems greatly to exhilarate her, and relieve her cramped limbs.

In a landscape, on the opposite side of the room, there is a boat, in which sit two rowers with suspended oars; and there they have thus sat from time immemorial, looking into the glassy surface of the stream. Now the oars dip, the still water ripples and sparkles, and the boat is propelled shoreward. The rowers are — the one a young girl in a gay boating dress, and the other a youth in equally picturesque attire. Now they land in a sandy cove, bringing much wonder and astonishment into the wide mouth and eyes of the shepherd lad, who has so long sat quiet and transfixed on the bank, with legs and arms rigidly crossed.

The figures in the picture of "The Enchanted Forest" begin to move. The great fiery war-horse paws the ground, and snorts at the grim water-god who stands beside the leaping brook and bars with his black giant arms further way through the wood. The beautiful princess, who reined the wild horse with a jeweled bridle, and with her gauzy robes powdered with stars, and starry flowers in her loosened hair, looked more like a wreath of foam flung from the waterfall than a real princess, now drops the arm so long lifted deprecatingly to the demon; and the cavalier, guarding her with drawn sword through the enchanted place, doffs his plumed cap, and assists her to alight.

The façade of some famous building in Paris begins to light up, and the statues which adorn it make a brave show. Far up in a high window rustle the leaves of a pot of flowers. There a curtain sways in the breeze, and there the banker's daughter looks out on the moving throng of men and animals which traverse the quay beneath. She comes down the long stone steps, and the merchant's clerk, with his pen behind his

ear, and his invoices in his hand, leaves the work he was superintending, and goes up the long steps to meet her.

At the same moment the flower-spirit floats down from the foot-board, and the statuesque maiden drops down by the drawer-handles from the bureau; down come the princess and the cavalier, down come the rowers in their bright dresses.

Then begins the German, — and they dance to the music of the shepherd, who picks up his pipe and plays lovely airs, still sitting by the stream. And the water-elves, by the fall in the enchanted forest, look out from under the great damp leaves of the water plants, and make bewitching music on shells and reeds.

The little glass-blower of the Schwartzwald, and pretty Red Riding-hood, who a moment before were only a gayly painted porcelain cologne-bottle and match-safe standing quite still in their places on the mantel-piece, come whirling down, mad with the excitement, and go giddily round with the dancers.

Two ladies, in the full-dress costume of a hundred years ago, have long hung quietly in their frames, striving to keep at bay two angry, shorn ostriches, who make threatening demonstrations with their beaks toward the tall feathers which crown the ladies' towering head-gear. The affrighted fair slowly lower their large fans spread as shields, and gliding gracefully from their frames, betake themselves to a corner, where, with slow and stately movements, they go through the minuet.

Anon the family photographs begin to bow and smile to each other, and one old gentleman is heard asking a benign elderly lady beside him if he should have the pleasure of dancing the Virginia Reel with her.

What further might have taken place it is impossible to tell, for just then the sleeper stirred with a sigh. In a twinkling the light vanished into the recesses of the pictures, and the dancers resumed their old places on the wall, looking as innocent of motion as the wall itself.

"My headache is gone, and all the sunlight too," said the young girl, as she sat up in bed, and looked toward the door, which now let in not the faintest daylight, only a softened gleam from some far-off gaslight in a distant entry. "I'm sure the sound of music and dancing is in my ears, and the motion of many little figures is hardly yet passed from before my eyes. What can it mean?"

She rose and lighted the gas, but there was

nothing in the room, moving or still, but a pair of high-heeled slippers, standing side by side quite stiff and orderly. The Schwartzwald glass-blower and Red Riding-hood were motionless on the mantel-piece, in their accustomed attitudes.

"O, I must have been dreaming!" and she laughed a pleasant little laugh, and sat herself down in her low rocking-chair to brush out her long hair, all tangled with the day's pain and unrest.

EVEN.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M. D.

"MINK," said Harry Porter one morning to an eccentric old negro, who lived in the neighborhood, and supported himself by gunning, "I've got something to tell you, and a question to ask. I was to go to Barnegat to-day, and find I can't, so want your opinion as to what I can do to make up for not going. Any ducks around here?"

"Mas' Harry," replied Mink, with an air of importance, pleased at being referred to as an authority in shooting matters, "I went to the shore once, and what do you think I got?"

"A good lot—if you had the luck you have here sometimes."

"Not a duck, but a rousin' duckin'; and meaner water to drink than that in the bay don't wash my jaws again, if I know it. You ha'n't missed much by not goin'. I'll prove it to you, if you'll be on hand close after sun-up to-morrow. What do you say?"

"Why, I think I'll go. Anyhow, I'll come 'round to your cabin toward sunset, and tell you."

"Aye, aye! I must be moving on;" and Mink shouldered his gun, and started off.

About four o'clock that afternoon Harry took the same path Mink had taken in the morning, and soon reached the bank of the creek, and in the neighborhood of the black's cabin. As far up the stream as he could see, appeared nothing animate, save a chattering kingfisher; and as far as he could see down the creek, and out upon the river, there was a total want of anything warranting the exercise of his skill in shooting.

"No use standing here," muttered Harry, "I'll go on to Mink's. O! but this is a poor apology for Barnegat." Harry now again scanned the waters before, and sky above him, and this time saw that for which he had been looking,—a flock of ducks. With heads and necks stretched out at full length in front, legs equally stretched out behind, and wings at right-angles with the

body, there was no mistaking them. In a straight line, then a half-circle, then a crooked line, nearer and nearer they came, from the river to the creek. When overhead, they paused a moment to look at him (so Harry thought), and then describing circles, each smaller than the other, finally settled upon the water, about two hundred yards off. Well, what of it? To be sure, there they were,—and there they meant to be until they flew away. Harry ran a few steps down the creek, when up popped their duckships' heads, and watched his movements. Spinning on one foot, then on the other, he looked at his gun, the ducks, and Dame Nature generally,—but all to no use. Here he was, and there they were, and no change of circumstances could be effect, that would bring him in a defunct quacker. "I'll hurry up and get Mink's boat;" and off Harry hurried in the direction of the cabin, keeping his eyes on the ducks as much as possible. To reach the shanty he would have to pass along the edge of a meadow bordering on the creek, open, except where grew a bush here and there on spots too wet to mow. Entering the meadow, he saw at a glance that the ducks were slowly making for the shore. Studying a moment how the land lay, he saw the most desirable point to reach,—shelter from the bushes being indispensable. "It's a good crawl, but I'll do it;" and down on his hands and knees went Harry, pushing his gun before him as he crept.

To good thick boots the ground was comfortably dry, but to thinly-trousered legs it was a different affair; and as each knee imprinted itself on the grassy turf, a little water oozed up about it, and soaked the pants. A few yards cooled his hands and legs, if not his ardor; but, though not well pleased, on he crept. Little briery vines, that the thinnest shoe would have crushed, had no formidable enemy in cassimere; and wee thorns pricked the invading knees, until

the water the pants had absorbed was tinged with blood. His hands were equally maltreated; so, with the care exercised in keeping the gun dry, poor Harry had taken upon himself considerable of a job.

To the right, left, backward, and then hurriedly onward, regardless of wet or scratches, Harry sought the bush to await the approach of the ducks, that, in searching for food, would come within shooting distance. A little rising of the ground offered a dry surface, and, taking advantage of this, Harry hastened his movements, when, apparently without an effort, and in an instant, he was in full view, and yet the ducks were not in front!

"How's this?" exclaimed Harry, half aloud, "the bush couldn't move, and I didn't; yet one of us must have; but I'm in plain sight," and down went Harry's head to the ground, and, stretching out his legs, he was as close to Mother Earth as Gulliver, when tied by the Liliputs. Harry had now to execute a flank movement; and moving tediously slow, again had the bush between him and the ducks. "I'll not get in that scrape again, — but it's mighty queer how it happened. I hope my gun isn't wet."

But a few yards remained to be gone over. Seeing there was no need of haste, Harry paused a moment to watch the movements of the flock, as they fed upon some floating material abundantly spread about. There were seven pin-tails, four widgeon, and a little beyond, four green-winged teal. Busily at work gathering up this convenient food, in a short time it was all consumed, or they were satisfied. At least, they now commenced pluming themselves.

"They'll be moving off before long, and I'll" — but what, will never be known, for slowly the sheltering bush arose, a long smooth branch stood out from it; and just as Harry's astonishment was about to express itself, a loud report, and puff of smoke, told the story. Eleven dead and dying ducks were the reward of Mink's patience in waiting until they were "in range," when he could kill all at one shot.

Harry and Mink rose at the same moment; and the latter turning around with a broad grin, displayed, by way of explanation, brush and dried grass tied in bunches about him. "I see you, Mas' Harry," he cried out in a cheery voice, "from the very start, and you crept fus'rate. Kind o' took back when I slid to one side, though. Much as I could do to keep in, when I see you sidin' it over."

"What have you got about you, anyhow?"

asked Harry on coming up, not fully comprehending the old gunner's rig.

"Well, Mas' Harry, the fact is, ducks ain't afraid of bushes, and they are of me; so I've a bush with a shootin' iron, when creepin' over this piece of meadow."

Harry found that rows of twigs and dead grass were tied about Mink's body, and that in his left hand he carried a branch of cedar, holding it before him as he crept.

"Kind o' had the advantage of you, but you can have a couple pair o' pin-tails to make up the loss o' your pants."

"Much obliged; but Mink, these are my gunning pants," said Harry, looking down at them.

"You'll need a better pair, if you go with me to-morrow. One more creep like the one you've just had, and you couldn't say you had a pair on, and prove it."

"Glad you told me; but are you going to-morrow?"

"Sure; and be on hand bright and early, and we'll have some fun, if it don't make up a rain. If it does, come when it clears off."

Walking to the water's edge, Mink ran out his boat from the bushes, and gathered up the fowl. Harry tied a leg of each of the four ducks Mink gave him, together, and throwing them over the barrels of his gun, two on either side, bade him good-night. The distance to Harry's home gave him sufficient time to determine two things, — to get the advantage of Mink, and how.

The following day it rained incessantly, also the greater part of the next, and cleared off in the afternoon some two hours before sunset. The water in the creeks was much higher than when Harry had been so fooled by Mink, but this now was favorable for Harry's scheme. Having borrowed a neighbor's boat, Harry took a bundle of traps with him, and rowed to the neighborhood of where the ducks had been killed. Keeping a bunchy cedar-tree between the boat and the cabin, he commenced setting a trap for Mink, — not the fur, but bush-bearing species. Taking four well-colored stool-ducks from the boat, he fastened a cord to a staple in the breast of each, and the four cords he joined together, a few feet from the stool, with a cord fifty yards long. This latter he fastened securely to a small bush just above the surface of the water. As he was about leaving them to go to Mink's cabin, at a long distance off he detected Mink skulking among some bushes, and so had but to wait until he spied the stool-ducks, when Harry's fun would commence.

So seeking shelter behind a cedar near by, Harry had nothing to do but wait; fearing the while the sun would go down, if not upon his wrath, upon his disappointment.

"If Mas' Harry comes 'round this afternoon, he'll think it funny I'm off, and my boat lyin' in its old place. Guess I'd better hurry home, in case he comes," and Mink commenced a vigorous sculling, that sent the boat spinning through the water.

The reason of Mink's absence without his boat was, that during the storm a small boat that took his fancy had gotten loose and floated from the river into the creek; and having seen and caught it, Mink could not resist one row in it before its owner should appear; especially as a brace of widgeon had offered a chance for him to try his skill in sculling, and his own boat was most too large for reaching the spot where these ducks were. He had started fully an hour before Harry had reached the spot where he now was quietly, if not patiently waiting. "I'm glad I've got a couple, anyhow," continued Mink, muttering to himself. "I wouldn't want to let him go home empty-handed, if we go out to-morrow. See here, p'raps I'm hurrying home too fast," and Mink checked the boat while he took a good look about him. "Said so, — there's something on the off side of that cedar, or I'm getting blind," and keeping them in view, he sculled his boat accordingly.

"O jolly! here comes Mink," exclaimed Harry excitedly, as he saw the old ducker, just as the latter drew up to take a survey. "Jolly, jolly! and I'm nicely out of sight, too;" and thus relieving himself of a portion of his newly-raised spirits, Harry still more completely hid himself in and behind the friendly cedar, whose bushy top was all that was above the present high water. "If I do not have a little fun, it will be very queer." Harry from his lookout saw that Mink had seen the stool-ducks, and so gave the cord attached to them (and also now to the boat)

a gentle pull. Bob! went their necks. Very indifferent they to the gunner's approach. Mink was seen to give a look at the gun's nipples. The ducks moved a little from Mink, who made now a detour, to be sheltered by some bushes. "Bah!" exclaimed Harry, "if he fires now, I'll be in a range with him, and so my fun will be up." Harry here pulled the cord, but only drew the ducks nearer, making matters worse. Mink commenced sculling faster. Matters were getting critical. "Shall I halloo out, or wait a little?" asked Harry of himself. "He'll pepper me well if I keep quiet, I'm afraid."

The current fortunately now floated the ducks so as to render Harry safe; so he commenced giving vigorous pulls at the cord, to give the ducks the appearance of being alarmed. Mink here slowly raised his gun to fire. Harry gave him three seconds to secure his aim, when, presto! the ducks gave a plunge, and the gun a bang! The smoke cleared away as Mink rose up to see how many were killed. There floated the ducks, unconcernedly as ever. Harry laughed a little, but remained hidden. Mink looked a few seconds, apparently without winking, at the ducks before him, and then reloaded as rapidly as ever he had done. Regaining the lost ground by a few twists of the scull, and again slowly he raised his ponderous duck-gun. Harry guessed again the second, and with the report of the gun again dove the ducks beneath the water. With the clearing away of the smoke, Mink saw them, life-like, lively, indifferent!

"He didn't re-load; but sculling rapidly toward them, in a minute or two was alongside; and putting out his hand to see what strange critter he might have come across, they then, with a jump, dash, sidewise twist, bounded a yard beyond his reach.

Mink, too, gave a jump; and then grasping the sculling oar, turned the boat in a twinkling, and would have gone home with unusual speed, if we opine, had not Harry hailed him then, and with perfect composure ask if they weren't about "even."



THE JUDGE'S PETS.

BY E. JOHNSON.

SUSIE'S FIRST JOURNEY.

ONE evening the Judge, coming home late, told the mother that he had been detained on some business, and that he must go to Berkshire County the next day to finish it. Susie happened to be in the room, and heard what he said. "O father!" said the little girl, "I wish you would take me with you."

Now the Judge was considered a pretty decided person, but he never could refuse one of his children a pleasure, if it was in his power to grant it. So he told her she might go with him, but at the same time he said, "he did not think she would enjoy herself much." However, Susie was wild with delight, and thanked her father over and over again for his consent. As they were to start quite early the next morning, the Judge cautioned Susie not to oversleep herself. He told Susie he had ordered the horse and buggy to be ready at half-past six, and that she must be up by half-past five. Susie kissed her father good-night, and promised to be ready. The Judge little thought what trouble he had brought upon himself by his remarks. Ten times that night Susie appeared by his bedside, to ask "if it was time to start." But poor Susie was doomed to a bitter disappointment. The next morning the Judge had so violent a headache, that he found it impossible to leave his bed. He tried to get up and dress himself, that his little girl need not lose her anticipated pleasure; but it was of no use,—he was too dizzy to stand. But Susie was entirely cheerful, in spite of her disappointment. Indeed, her mind was so taken up with thoughts of her father, that she had no time to think of herself. If it had once entered her head that her frequent visits to her father the night before had so disturbed his rest that it had produced the headache, Susie would have been quite broken-hearted. But that thought never occurred to her; and instead of making herself and every one else miserable because she could not go, the little girl accepted her disappointment so sweetly, and was so anxious to do all in her power for her father's comfort, that the Judge said he never knew before what a very good little girl he had. He told Susie so that evening, and I can assure you she went to bed feeling very happy, although she had lost the eagerly desired journey. When

the child opened her eyes the next morning, she saw her father standing by her bedside, all dressed.

"Well! little one," said he, "are you ready to begin your journey?"

"Yes indeed," said Susie; "it won't take me five minutes to dress, and I am not a bit hungry, — so I shall want no breakfast."

Her father laughed, and told her she had plenty of time to dress herself nicely, and to eat all the breakfast she wished, for it would not be time to start for two hours. Susie was surprised, as well as delighted, to hear that they were really going; for she had supposed that as they did not start the day they expected, the journey was to be given up. She could hardly eat her breakfast, her excitement was so great. So her father, finding she had eaten almost nothing, put some crackers and cake into a little basket, for her to eat on the road. At last Charley appeared at the door harnessed into the new buggy, looking as eager to start as Susie herself. After the Judge had given the horse some sugar, which he always expected, and Susie had kissed the mother and her brother George a great many times, her father placed the child in the buggy, and they were really off. It took the whole day to reach L.; but about half way the Judge stopped at a large public house, where he ordered a nice dinner. After eating all they wanted, Susie thought she would go out into the yard and look round while Charley was resting. A little way off stood a large barn; and thinking she should find Charley there eating his dinner, she pushed the door open, and found herself in a clean room. Over in one corner of this room, sitting in a low chair, was a pretty little girl softly singing to herself, as she worked with different colored beads. While Susie stood in the door, not knowing whether to go away or not, the little girl asked, in a sweet, gentle voice, "Who is there?"

"Please," said Susie, "I thought this was the barn, and that Charley was having his dinner here, so I brought him some sugar for his dessert. Charley likes sugar better than anything else, and I know he would be disappointed if I did not give him some."

"O, come right in," said the little girl; "but I guess you won't find your brother eating his dinner in the barn."

Susie could hardly keep from laughing; but

she managed to explain that Charley was not her brother, but her father's horse.

"Well, I declare!" said the strange little girl, "I never heard of giving a horse dessert for his dinner. What a funny child you must be. I wish I could see you. Will you come up close to me, and let me look at you?"

Susie went near the little girl, who began to pass her hands all over Susie's face, saying, "This is the only way I can see any one, for I am blind."

Susie was greatly shocked, and the tears came into her own eyes, as she told the child how sorry she felt for her.

"Why do you cry, and say you are sorry?" said the blind girl. "I am as happy as the day is long. Mother is very good to me, and lets me work on my baskets the whole morning. At twelve o'clock the children from the school across the road come in and play with me, and often take me out for a walk. Then I always have my dinner in the big house; and after I have helped mother wash up the dishes, she lets me come out here again. I would rather work on my baskets than do anything else, for I make money enough by selling them to pay for my little brother's schooling. He is a very smart boy, and I think some day he will be the President of the United States."

"Indeed!" said Susie; "how much he must know."

"Yes," said the blind girl, "he has learned 'most all his teacher knows."

"And how he must love you!" said Susie.

"Yes, he does," answered the child; "but then I don't believe he *can* love me as much as I do him."

Susie looked at this child, who was not much larger than herself, in perfect wonder. Just then she heard her father calling her name; so, bidding the blind girl good-by, she ran off to meet the Judge, who was coming for her. Charley was all ready at the buggy, so they started at once. Susie told her father all about the little blind girl, and ended by saying that she should never feel unhappy again, for she should always remember how much more she had to enjoy than this poor little girl, who could not see anything, and worked so hard to send her brother to school, while her greatest amusement seemed to be a walk with the school-children. The Judge was quite pleased that Susie had found so good a moral in the life of the little blind girl. Our travellers were on the road all the rest of that day, and at half-past seven they arrived at the

hotel, where the Judge expected to remain two or three days. They were shown up to a large front-room, with a small room opening out of it for Susie. The Judge, fearing Susie would be lonesome, promised to take her the next day to Judge Crofton's house. Susie knew she should like that very much, for she had heard that Judge Crofton had a little girl of her own age. After a good supper, Susie was so tired that she was glad enough to get to bed. When she woke the next morning she could not tell where she was, and it was some moments before she could remember how she came in the strange room. She called to her father to know if he was up, and was quite distressed to learn that while she was sleeping, the Judge had been out for a walk. He told Susie to hurry and get dressed, for as soon as she had finished her breakfast he intended taking her over to Judge Crofton's, and that she might pass the day there. As soon as Mrs. Crofton heard they intended to be in town two or three days, she insisted that they should visit her, instead of staying at the hotel. The Judge, however, preferred to remain at the hotel, but consented to leave Susie with Mrs. Crofton. So it was arranged that Susie should make Carry Crofton a visit. Carry was away from home that morning, so Mrs. Crofton proposed that Susie should sit at the window and watch for her little girl's return. Mrs. C. told Susie that Carry had black eyes and red cheeks, and Susie was much amused at the idea of watching for a little girl whom she had never seen. At last she saw a very pretty little girl coming up the street, who had such red cheeks that Susie thought it must be her friend. But this child went past the window without even looking up. Susie was feeling quite disappointed that it had not proved to be Carry, when she felt two arms about her; and looking round, she saw the very same little girl, who was now laughing hard at Susie's puzzled face.

"Don't you know me?" said the child. "I am Carry; and I knew you right away."

"Why!" how could you tell who I was, when you never saw me before?"

"No," said Carry, "but then mother told me I should find you sitting here; so, just as soon as I came in, I knew you *must* be Susie."

"Well," said Susie, "when I saw you go past the window, I hoped it was you, and I like you already."

"That's good," said Carry, "for I like you too. And now come up into my play-room, and I will show you my dolls."

The children played so happily together all the morning, that when dinner-time came they were both sorry, and thought they had much rather play than eat.

"However," said Carry, "I guess we had better eat our dinner, for mother says I am always cross when I am hungry, and I don't want to be cross to you, Susie."

Soon after dinner Susie's father came to the house, bringing with him two round bundles, — one for each of the children. Taking off the papers, they found he had brought them two beautiful china tea-sets, with bright-colored flowers painted upon them. Each set was put up in a round box. The children were delighted, and of course at once began to play tea-party. After playing about half-an-hour, Mrs. Crofton proposed a walk. So the tea-sets must be put carefully away till the next day. But just as Carry had



arranged her set nicely in the box, and was putting it on the shelf in the closet, her foot turned under her, and she fell upon the floor, breaking her tea-set into a thousand pieces. Carry and Susie both cried, and Susie at once proposed to give half of her own tea-set to her friend. But Carry would not consent to this. After much discussion, she promised to play with Susie's set just as though it belonged to her. Susie spent four days with her friend, and during all that time not one impatient word was heard from either child. When other resources failed, they amused themselves with the parrot. This was a beautiful bird, who seemed to know almost as much as any one in the house. The family kept him in his cage most of the time, but once in a while he was allowed to run about the house. Now, Carry liked to tease the parrot when he was confined; but when he was out of his cage, she was a good deal afraid of him. The bird

knew this, and no matter where he met Carry, he would at once ruffle up his feathers and flap his wings. This always alarmed the child, who would start on a full run. As soon as the parrot saw her prepare to run away, he seemed perfectly delighted, and would begin to laugh and call out at the top of his voice, "Run, Carry, run." And I can assure you the child *did* run, and was always careful to shut every door after her in her flight, too. The children were very unhappy when the time for parting came. Both cried, and promised life-long friendship. The Judge cordially invited Mrs. Crofton to bring her little girl to visit at his house; and as the invitation was accepted, the children were somewhat consoled. Susie told Carry to look on the nursery-shelf as soon as she went up-stairs, and see what she would find there. After they were started, Susie told her father that she had left her own tea-set in the nursery-closet for Carry. So Susie amused herself most of the day wondering what her friend would say when she discovered what she had left for her. The Judge, finding he had some time to spare, decided to take Susie to New York for a day, before they went home. The child had never been away from home before, and was of course delighted to prolong her journey; though she told her father she did wish George and the mother and the baby were with them. Her father proposed that she should buy them each a present in New York, and this idea pleased her very much, as she had a whole dollar of her own money. They drove in the buggy as far as P., where the railroad to New York then began. There they left Charley with a farmer whom the Judge knew, who promised to drive him home for them the next day, while they themselves took the cars. On their arrival at New York, Susie was very much bewildered at first with the rumble of carriages, the crowds of people, and the general confusion of a large city. The Judge took Susie into several of the largest stores, and to some of the picture-galleries in the morning. And after a dinner at what Susie thought must be the most beautiful hotel in the whole world, they started out sight-seeing. At one of the museums the Judge met his friend General Moulton. The General being fond of children, talked a good deal with Susie, and told her he should have the pleasure of going to G. in the same train with her and her father. The General invited them both to drive with him, and the Judge accepted the invitation, but was surprised that Susie did not care to go. He soon discovered, however, that she was depending upon

buying the presents for the family that afternoon. So the Judge excused himself from the drive, explaining the reason. The General seemed much pleased at Susie's desire to spend her dollar for others, and proposed to call for them in two hours. Susie thought that she could buy her presents in that time. So it was arranged that the presents should be bought, and that they should have the drive too. The Judge took Susie into one of the fancy stores, and after much deliberation a gold thimble was decided upon for the mother, and large rocking-horse for George, which was to go by express. Next, Susie found what she thought the very prettiest doll she had ever seen, for baby Anna. After deciding upon these things, Susie told her father she did hope she should have at least ten cents left. The Judge told her there was just a ten-cent piece remaining, so she at once bought a pen-wiper, which she gave to her father. Then the child was utterly happy; for the only present she had herself received, she had given up to her friend, and she had spent every cent of her dollar for others. She had no idea that each one of her presents cost a great many dollars, as was of course the case with all but the pen-wiper. The General called for them as agreed, and Susie was as happy as possible during her long and pleasant drive. But the little head was glad enough to rest when bed-time came. The next morning they found General Moulton waiting for them at the station with one of his aides. The General talked a good deal to Susie, and when the aide went to sleep, the General tried very hard to make Susie kiss the young man, in order to win a pair of gloves. Perhaps some of the children who will read this story do not know that this is the forfeit that a gentleman has to pay if a little girl kisses him when he is asleep. The General tried in every way he could to make Susie kiss his aide, promising the child the prettiest pair of blue kid gloves in New York, if she would. But Susie was much too proper, as well as bashful, although the offered prize was something she had never owned. In those days children did not wear kid gloves, as they do now. In fact, they could only be bought in large cities, so that a pair of kid gloves was the greatest luxury that could be offered a child. But Susie remained firm, and the aide awoke without her having kissed him. Susie and the Judge arrived home just before tea, and Susie said it was "the best fun of all" opening the presents she had bought in New York. Every one said she had bought them just what they liked best. The mother

said her thimble was much too handsome to use, so she locked it up in a drawer, to look at once in a while. After Susie had been home for about a week, a package was left at the door directed to her. Upon opening it, she found a lovely pair of white kid gloves, which looked hardly large enough for her doll. But upon trying them on, they were found to be a most perfect fit for her own little hands. A note came with them from General Moulton, asking Susie to wear the gloves, and telling her he had been all over New York to find a pair of blue ones, without success. As he could not find any, he had sent white ones instead. He hoped she would like these as well. The child was perfectly delighted with her present. She had never felt so proud of anything before. The next Sunday she decided that she must wear the kid gloves to church, just to let the people in town know she owned this piece of magnificence, and then she would put them away for some great occasion. She insisted upon walking all the way to church with her hands stretched out far in front of her, for fear the gloves would touch her dress and get soiled. And all church time she kept her hands out in this peculiar style, that people might not fail to notice the white kid gloves. But alas! coming home, the child stumbled over a stone, and before her father could save her she had fallen upon her face, and the little gloved hands, all spread out as she had kept them the whole morning, had gone into a little pool of water. Poor Susie, although her face was covered with mud, and a good deal scratched, cared nothing for the pain; her sorrow and tears were



all for the pretty white gloves, which were of course utterly ruined. The little girl of course cried some, but upon the whole she behaved so well that the Judge promised her another pair

just like them, the very first time he went to New York or Boston. That night, after Susie had said her prayers, and kissed her father good-night, she told the Judge that she should like another pair of kid gloves very much; but she thought she had better not have any, because, she said, she had felt so proud of the gloves, and had been so afraid that every one in church

would not see them, that she could think of nothing else. The Judge said no word of approbation, but I am sure his very tender good-night expressed some of his thoughts toward his little one, which filled his heart. And let me add that Susie grew up to be as unselfish, lovely, and self-sacrificing a woman, as she had been a docile, sweet-tempered, and conscientious child.

ROUND THE HORN AND BACK AGAIN.

BY M. W. MENTEE.

SOME years ago, when nearly all the freight for California was sent in ships by the way of Cape Horn, there was on the berth a beautiful little clipper ship called the *Telegraph of Boston*. She was twelve hundred tons burden; but as most of the California and East India traders were two thousand tons and upward, the *Telegraph* was called a small ship. I was written to by Captain D——, who informed me he was going out in command of her, and wanted me to go as his third mate. The ship was loading in New York, at the foot of Wall Street, where I went to look at her. I found her lying at the end of the pier, with her bows toward the street; and as I walked out toward her, I looked at her "from sky-sail pole to scupper hole." She was a saucy craft indeed! almost as sharp as a North River steamboat, and, as sailors say, "clean as a hound's tooth," — a six-topsail-yard ship, carrying but one sky-sail; painted black outside, with rails, cabin, and houses inboard, as white as snow-drifts, while her water-ways and spare spars were a bright blue. Climbing up the ladder leading to her gangway, I mounted the rail, and stood there for a moment, to get a view of her decks, when I was addressed by a gruff voice, informing me there was "no admittance."

"All right, watchman! I'm going out in the ship, and have come to look at her."

"Yes, sir; come aboard; the captain and owner are forward," and the voice wasn't nearly so gruff as at first. I went on deck, and walking forward, stopped near the mainmast, to look at the pumps. "Patent pumps; that's good; won't take a whole watch to pump her out."

I continued my walk to the doors of the house forward of the main hatch, opened them, and went in; a nice room, with two bunks on a side, upright, and fore-and-aft lockers; nice place for the carpenter, and three apprentice boys. I next

went to the galley, where I found a grizzly-haired old chap polishing the range; stepping in on the brick floor, and opening the door leading to the cook's room, I looked in, shut the door, and turning to the old man, said, —

"You the cook?"

The old fellow brought a pair of very bright black eyes to bear on me, as he answered, "Yes, sir; you the mate?"

"No, I'm not the mate; I'm the third mate, if I go in the ship."

"Yes, sir; nice little ship; going to 'Frisco! better go, sir."

"Who's your steward?"

"Chinaman: was with the captain in the last ship."

"You don't say so; John, eh? I was with the captain in the last ship, too."

Going on deck, I went to the door of the port forecabin; but hearing voices in the starboard one, I walked around there, and found the captain, and a gentleman whom I didn't know, looking at a lot of sails stowed on the deck. I had not seen the captain since I came home with him in the *Skylark*, months before, from a voyage around the world; he and the other gentleman were talking about a new foresail, and didn't see me until I said, "How do you do, captain?"

"Hallo, how are you? got my letter, eh?"

"Yes, sir; and I've come down to see the ship."

"That's right." Then turning to the gentleman with him, "Mr. Lothrop, this is Mr. Gasket, the youngster I spoke of for third mate."

"Glad to know you, sir; how do you like the ship?"

"Very much, all I've seen of her; looks like a lively boat, sir, and a wet one."

"She is a fast sailer."

"Go all over her, Mr. Gasket — between

decks, in the cabins, all over. You'll find as tidy a ship as ever you saw."

Taking the captain's advice, I *did* go all over her, and *did* find her to be a very handsome ship. When I came on deck, after my survey, I found Mr. Lathrop, the owner, had gone on shore, and the captain waiting for me.

"Well, what d'you say? will you ship?"

"Yes, sir, I think I will; when do you expect to go to sea?"

"'Bout three weeks; we'll commence taking cargo to-morrow, and will soon fill up; the mate is a very nice chap—been with me before. You can go home, and when I want you I'll write."

Bidding him good morning, I went to the Hudson River Railroad depot, took the three o'clock train for home, and the next day commenced gathering up my traps and stowing my donkey, as sailors call their sea-chests. As this was only my second voyage, I felt rather proud going out as an officer with the captain with whom I had just come home "a boy before the mast;" so when I met Charley A— (a boy living in the same village that I did, and who had been a voyage to China with "Old Charley Ranellett," in the *Surprise*), and told him I was going to sea in two or three weeks, he wanted to know in what ship, where she was going, and how many boys she carried.

"The ship's the *Telegraph of Boston*; Captain D— is going in her, and she's bound to 'Frisco. I s'pose she'll go to China or India from there; I don't know how many boys she carries—I'm going as third mate."

"You going third mate?"

"Yes."

"Crackey! if I can get a chance in her, I'll ship."

Charley went to New York that same night in his uncle's steamboat, saw Captain D—the next morning, got a chance in the ship, and came home to get *his* donkey ready. On the fifth of July, Charley and I, having been sent for, bid our friends good-by, and took the evening boat for New York, to join our ship. Quite a number of our chums were at the steamboat wharf to see us off; and while talking about our voyage, Ed W— said, "Look here, Johnnie Gasket, if you go to the Sandwich Islands, I want you to bring me one of those puppies the natives roast and eat." Then Joe C— wanted "a ring-tailed roarer of a monkey," and Billy H— wanted "a red-headed parrot that wouldn't swear, if such a thing could be found."

When the boat's last bell was ringing, we

went on board, and the next morning, before daylight, we were in New York. As soon as we could, Charley and I got a cart to take our donkeys over to the ship. We found her all loaded, and ready to sail the next morning, at nine o'clock. Quite a number of gentlemen who had shipped goods by the *Telegraph* were invited to go outside the Hook with her, and return by the tug that towed us out. The captain told me if I had any friends in the city who would like to go, to invite them to be on board at nine o'clock. Charley's father was a lawyer in New York, but his wife being dead, Charley lived with his aunt at Round Bay. I had a brother in the city, so I invited him and Charley's father to see us off.

In the days of which I am writing, ships bound to San Francisco were fairly besieged by men desiring to ship in them, good men often offering to ship for their "hospital money" (every sailor has to pay twenty cents a month toward the support of marine hospitals; then, when they get sick, or hurt, they are taken to those places, and cared for). For two weeks before we sailed, the mate had been picking out a crew from the scores of men who "wanted a chance." By this means we had shipped the best crew of sixteen men and four boys, I ever saw: we didn't have to get our crew on board the day before we sailed, then go off the Battery and anchor until the men were sober enough to work the ship. About half an hour before sailing, the men came on board with their dunnage, as they call their baggage, and were ready to go to work. There were lots of men on the wharf, ready to take the place of any one who didn't come, or who came drunk,—the mate having cautioned each man he shipped, if he came on board drunk the morning we sailed, he'd get himself and dunnage put on the dock, and some one shipped in his place. "Times were good in 'Frisco," and South Street was full of sailors wanting to go there; so none of our men ran the risk of losing their chance by coming on board "three sheets in the wind." At nine o'clock the tug-boat *Ceres* came alongside, and giving us a hawser, we cast off our shore fasts, and she started with us in tow. It was a beautiful summer day, with an almost cloudless sky, and a brisk breeze of southwest wind blowing. Very bravely we answered the cheers of the people on the wharf, for in those days the departure of a clipper for San Francisco created quite an excitement even in South Street. We rounded Governor's Island, passed Quarantine, out through the Narrows, where the ship

began to bow and courtesy to old Ocean, as she felt the heaving of his breast. About this time dinner was announced in the cabin for the guests; judging from the laughter, popping of champagne corks, and the pleasant expression upon the countenances of the gentlemen when they came on deck, they had a good time at the table. After passing the point of the Hook, we headed for the light-ship, and commenced making sail, getting the topsails, foresail, foretop-mast-stay-sail, jib, and spanker set. About two o'clock we were off the light-ship, when the bawser, by which the steamer was towing us, was cast off, our maintop-sail braced aback; the steamer came up on our lee quarter, and our guests got on board her to go back to the city. Charley and I had to bid our friends good-by very hurriedly, as we had duties to attend to. After all who were going back were on board the tug, she cast off; and when a little way from us, the gentlemen gave three cheers, which we answered. Then came the order, "Brace up the mainyard, haul aft the head-sheets," the ship gathered way, and our long journey was fairly begun. Before a great while we had the mainsail, fore, main, and mizzen-top-gallant-sails, flying jib, and three royals on her; then the crew went to supper. After supper the men were called aft, and watches were chosen by the first and second mates. This is the manner in which it is done: When the ship leaves home for a voyage, the second mate (who heads the captain's watch) has the first choice; coming home, if the ship has a new crew, the mate has the first pick (they can choose but one man at a time), giving rise to the old saying, "The captain takes her out, but the mate brings her home." As soon as the watches were arranged, those in the starboard, or second mate's watch, took their traps in the starboard fore-castle, while the port watch took the port fore-castle. At eight o'clock the starboard watch came on deck to remain until twelve, when they were relieved by the port watch. The time on board ship is divided into watches, thus: the four hours from twelve to four o'clock in the daytime, are called the afternoon watch; from four to six, the first dog-watch; from six to eight, the second dog-watch; from eight to twelve (midnight), the first watch; from twelve to four, the mid watch; from four to eight, the morning watch; and from eight to twelve, the forenoon watch; the four hours from four o'clock to eight in the evening, are divided into two watches, so the watches change each day; those having the eight hours on deck one night, have the eight hours below the next. You

see, sailors have but four hours sleep at a time while at sea, even when not called out during their watch below, as they very often are, to assist in any sudden emergency.

Our passage to San Francisco was rather void of incident, we having had fine weather nearly all the time; we doubled Cape Horn without putting a reef in our topsails, and the day we sighted the Diego Ramirez (two rocks to the southward and westward of the Horn), we had our main-sky-sail set. We didn't reef topsails from the day we left Sandy Hook until the day after we got the northeast trade-winds in the Pacific. We were becalmed for eight days on the line in the Pacific, otherwise we would have made the passage in less than one hundred days. One day while becalmed, and lying "just like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," the mate and I were sitting on the spare spars, smoking, when he proposed we should jump overboard, swim off a short distance, and see how the ship looked at sea. We put a ladder over the side, to get up by, threw off our shoes and hats, got up on the rail, and overboard we went. We swam perhaps forty or fifty yards, turned round, and were surveying the ship from decks to truck, noticing the set of her sails, the appearance of her rigging, and admiring the beauty of her hull. The captain was on the poop when we jumped overboard, sitting on the starboard bumpkin, carving some fancy thing with his jack-knife (he could make beautiful things with that jack-knife) while we were in the water. I noticed him walking around near the man at the wheel, and looking astern, as if he saw something. Presently he came to the rail, and sung out, "You chaps had better come aboard; there's a black fin shows astern occasionally."

I thought for an instant the blood in my veins had turned to ice. I gave a glance at the mate, and saw he was as pale as so sunburnt a man could be; his lips were compressed, and as blue as gulf water; how I looked I don't know, but how I *felt* I'll never forget. We both struck out for the ship like persons swimming for their lives, as we thought we were; it seemed to me I made no way through the water, and would never reach the ship's side; the mate was a little ahead of me, and I had to wait for him to get on the ladder. While hanging on to the man-rope waiting for him to get out of my way, I imagined I could feel the shark's nose against my legs; and so great was my terror, I groaned "O God!" The mate, thinking the shark had hold of me, leaned over and grabbed a handful of my hair, and act-

ually lifted me out of the water on the ladder beside him, when we scrambled on deck, breathless with fright and exertion, to find the captain laughing as if he would split; he hadn't seen any black fin, but thought it would be a good joke to scare us. If the quality of the joke was in proportion to the amount of the scare, no better joke was ever perpetrated. I have never been overboard at sea since, and think when I *do* go, it will be on compulsion. Many a hearty laugh the mate and I had over that fright, and we often tried to think of some way to square yards with "the old man," but we never got the chance to pay him off.

We arrived off Vallejo Street Wharf, in San Francisco, in the one hundredth and sixth day after leaving New York, having made, by a number of days, the best passage of that year. The morning after our arrival we hauled in to the wharf, made the ship fast, and in ten minutes the crew had left, bag and baggage. San Francisco is an American port, as you know, and an American ship's crew can leave in any home port, if they see fit to do it. We were no sooner secured to the wharf, than the steredore's gang were on board, getting their purchases ready for discharging the cargo. After our cargo was all out, we took in stone ballast, and then went out in the stream, to save wharfage by lying at anchor, — the mate, cook, steward, and myself, being the only persons of the crew on board. The captain was on shore, except at night; and the second mate, a worthless fellow, had been discharged immediately on our arrival, and I was made second mate. One night the captain came on board and told the mate and me he had chartered the ship to the American Guano Company, to go to Jarvis Island to load guano for New York; the ship was to call at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, to take on board water and stores for the Guano Company; and there was a circus company in the city desirous of getting a ship to take them to Honolulu. He had told the agents what he would take the circus for, and the next day he would know whether they agreed to his terms, or not; he had also left orders at a shipping office for a crew to be shipped at once. The next morning we were towed back to the wharf; the circus people having agreed to the captain's terms, we got ready to receive their traps on board. On top of the ballast, in the hold, we stowed water casks, wagons, hay, oats, boxes of harness, saddles, and the thousand things used by these show-people; between decks, forward the main hatch, the boxes containing the horses were to be stowed. After

the main hatch, on the same deck, the actors, canvasmen, drivers, etc., were to have berths put up for them; there were five women, and three small boys, who were to have rooms in the after-cabin. It was a very strange cargo, but a very interesting one to a youngster like me, not yet twenty years old, and consequently in the freshness of my salad days. First came the wagons to be shipped: the wheels and tongues were taken off, and the bodies were protected by boxes made of slats; then boxes containing harness, saddles, canvas, tent-poles, seats, and many other things, the names of which I never knew; then came the baggage of the people — a monstrous pile of trunks. After all those things were snugly stowed away in the ship, the horses were brought down, each one in a box by itself; the boxes were lined inside, top, bottom, and sides, with straw, so the horse wouldn't be hurt if thrown off his feet by the motion of the ship. The boxes, with the horses in them, were brought to the wharf on drays, backed up near the ship's side, a stout strap or sling passed round each one, the cargo-purchase hooked into the slings, while a team of stout horses did the hoisting. The horses in the boxes evidently understood that something unusual was about to happen, for they looked and acted very much frightened. After the boxes were hooked on, and the team went ahead hoisting horse and box in the air, the poor brutes would give vent to the most agonized screams I ever heard; but when they were lowered between-decks, their terror was too great for expression, — they were literally dumb with fright. After being hoisted on board, the boxes (or stalls) were received to the between-decks in rows, the horses facing amidships, so those having the care of them could pass in front of the stalls to give them food and water; and "the stock" (as the circus people called the animals) had the benefit of all the light and air it was possible to give them. After the horses were on board, the people came. I expected to see a rough set of creatures, who would act much like a lot of half-drunken sailors; but, after having had them on board for twenty days, we all, fore and aft, said we never saw a more orderly, better behaved crowd in our lives; the canvasmen, hostlers, helpers, etc., were like any ordinary working-people; while the actors, male and female, were as genteel in dress and manners as one would wish to meet in a three-years' cruise. During the day-time, while on the passage to Honolulu, these people amused themselves in all sorts of ways, — in making or taking in sail,

bracing yards, or carrying on any duty requiring pulling and hauling, a score of them would clap on to a rope, and work away like beavers; they sang, danced, turned somersaults, played leap-frog, stood on their heads, and acted generally like a very careless, happy set of beings. In fine weather the women of the party sat on deck with their sewing, which consisted (if I remember rightly) of children's garments; the chap who played the clown had his wife with him, and instead of being the liveliest bee in the hive, he was the most quiet, and spent most of his time conversing with the captain. He seemed an exceedingly attentive husband, his wife never coming on deck without his getting her shawl, or sun-shade, or finding her a comfortable seat, and paying all those nameless little attentions which kind-hearted men show to women and children always. On the twenty-first day after leaving San Francisco, we arrived in Honolulu, and the circus people went on shore; we were three or four days getting all their stuff discharged. When everything was landed, their tent was erected in the city, and their performances commenced. I was present at their first evening entertainment, to which the king and all the nobles of Honolulu were invited, and most of them accepted the invitation. The king (not the present one), I am sorry to say, was exceedingly noisy and disagreeable; if a person of his color had made so much noise at a circus in New York, he would have been "put out" immediately. After we had taken on board some stores, and a great many casks of water for the Guano Company, we left Honolulu for Jarvis Island.

This island is in lat. $0^{\circ} 22'$ south, long. $159^{\circ} 51'$ west; it is about three miles long, a mile wide, and the highest point is only fifteen feet above the sea level; not a tree, nor a blade of grass grows on it; there is no fresh water to be found, and it never rains; in fact, it is nothing but a coral reef, covered with guano; myriads of sea-birds, of all sizes, build their nests in the dirt, and rear their young, perfectly fearless of man; no person is permitted to molest the birds, eggs, or nests. The little Mother Cary's Chicken (stormy petrel), no larger than a sparrow, makes its nest alongside the man-of-war hawk, which is almost as big as a goose. While the females are hatching the young, the male birds catch fish to feed them; and in the morning, thousands upon thousands can be seen flying seaward in search of food. The only people on the island, when we were there, were four white men, officers of the Company, and about one hundred and fifty Sand-

wich Islanders, who dug the guano, put it in bags (holding about one hundred pounds each), and brought it off to the ship in whale-boats, each boat carrying a ton. There is no harbor, and no anchorage; the ships moor to large iron buoys, the anchors of which are planted in the dirt on the island. Vessels moor on the west side, which is the lee of the island; and as the wind always blows from the eastward, ships ride head to the land, and quite close to it. There is but one place where boats can land, and only on days when the sea is smooth. All the fresh water and food, except fish, are brought from Honolulu in the ships chartered to load. On smooth days, about sixty tons of guano can be shipped, the crew hoisting it on board, and trimming it. It is dumped in the hold in bulk, and so strong is the smell of ammonia, the trimmers (even with cotton in their nostrils, and mouths covered with a wet handkerchief) can work in the hold but an hour, when they are relieved by a fresh set. Beautiful sea-shells are found on the shores, and such fishing can only be appreciated by being enjoyed. When a hook was thrown overboard, baited or not, there seemed to be a struggle between the big and little fish, to see which should be caught first; the large ones usually succeeded in being hauled in out of the wet first. The *Telegraph* was the second ship loaded at this island, the *White Swallow* having taken away the first cargo before our arrival. While we were loading, two other ships came for cargoes, — the *Rambler* to load for Boston, and the *Black Hawk* for London. The captain of the *Black Hawk* had his wife with him, and one day a small stranger arrived on board that ship. As it was the first child ever born at the island (its mother was the first woman known to have been there), a great time was made over it, —

"Every ship was dressed
In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day."

Our two brass six-pounders were brought aft on the quarter-deck, and a salute fired, during which we succeeded in breaking all the panes of glass in the cabin, and demolishing the greater part of the crockery in the pantry. The officers of the Company gave a dinner, to which all the captains and first mates were bidden, while the second and third mates amused themselves getting in cargo. But at last the last ton of guano required to complete our cargo was hoisted on board, the fall rounded up two blocks, and the crew gave three cheers. One whole day we took to clean ship inside and out, then unmoored, and sailed away.

The captain was fearful our wood and water wouldn't last us to New York, so he concluded to go to Fanning's Island for a supply. Fanning's is to the north and eastward of Jarvis Island, in lat. $3^{\circ} 52'$ north, long. $158^{\circ} 22'$ west; it is occupied by a company of Englishmen, who are engaged in the manufacture of cocoa-nut-oil. The island is in shape like a horse-shoe; inside the horse-shoe, or island, is a large lagoon, with the opening to the east, but the water is too shallow to accommodate any but small vessels. The English people have brought here some two hundred South Sea Islanders, who gather the cocoanuts, and do all the labor of making the oil; nothing grows on the island but cocoa-nut-trees and cactus, but excellent fresh water can be obtained by sinking a burrel anywhere. Each person, man or woman, has to gather one thousand nuts a week, shell, and put them in a large vat, where they remain until they become rancid, when they are pressed, and the oil barreled; then it is ready for market. It is used in tropical climates to burn, but in cold weather it becomes hard. The islanders who are brought here are not paid for their labor in money, but in yards of cloth, the Englishmen taking good care the value of money is not explained to them. They are a fine-looking race (at least, those we saw), large, and well formed, with brown eyes, fine teeth, and straight hair. They wear no clothes, unless a strip of cloth around the loins can be called clothes. In color, the darkest were copper-colored, some being very nearly white, — the women, as a general thing, being lighter-colored than the men, and quite handsome. The children, of which there were hordes, went entirely naked; the food of these people consisted of cocoa-nuts, fish (which they ate raw), and occasionally roast pork, they having a breed of queer-looking black hogs. When our ship arrived, swarms of men, women, and children swam off to us, climbed on deck, and chattered about everything they saw, like so many monkeys. Our quarter-deck captain, with its polished brass ornaments, was an object of never-failing curiosity and delight to them; and from the awe with which they approached it, I imagine they considered it some sacred altar, or shrine. They were also very curious about our clothes, the women, particularly, coming up and examining anything we had on, in the most matter-of-fact manner, calling the attention of friends to any article of wearing apparel which pleased them. The after-cabin of the *Telegraph* was very nicely fitted up: the wood-work was curled maple and mahogany; the fur-

niture in green velvet, and a very nice carpet on the deck; the bulk-head, or partition between the two cabins, was a large mirror. Some of the women were shown this place, and it was amusing to see their astonishment. At first they wouldn't go in, thinking the carpet wasn't made to walk on; the state-rooms delighted them also. One young girl was taken up to the mirror, and, seeing her reflection, she tried to embrace it; she couldn't understand why she could see, and not feel her image; she squatted down on the carpet, and talked to herself in the glass in a soft, cooing voice, very pleasant to hear. When our men went on shore to get wood and water, the islanders wouldn't permit them to do anything, but filled the casks, and loaded the boats with wood and cocoa-nuts, seeming delighted to do any service for the strangers. We made them some little presents, the only thing we were allowed to give them being either clothes or cloth. I will never forget being shown about their little village of huts by a young girl, perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old, dressed in an old calico shirt, and straw hat of mine. She was as well pleased with her outfit as any American belle would have been with a five thousand dollar camel's hair shawl, and the other rigging to match. My native friend took me to see a middle-aged woman (her mother, I suppose), who gave me cocoa-nut milk to drink, and did the genteel thing. I have always had an idea the old lady was somewhat disappointed that I did not present her with such a costume as had been bestowed upon her daughter. The English people on the island were very kind, doing everything in their power to make our visit as pleasant as possible: they gave us fine logs of cocoa-wood, from which we made canes; and the captain, assisted by the carpenter, made two beautiful hand-sleds from this wood; it is susceptible of a very high polish, and looks a little like rosewood, but lighter in color. I imagine those two sleds created a vast amount of admiration in the little New Hampshire village, where his two boys lived. Five days we were at Fanning's Island, and then we sailed for home. We passed many islands, some being inhabited by cannibals, others by birds only. For weeks we only sailed in the day-time, lying to at night, as the charts of that portion of the Pacific cannot be relied on. We gradually worked out of those dangerous waters, and cracked on sail night and day to make up lost time.

We had made everything snug for our passage around the Horn, before we got where we might expect bad weather; our boats, even, were in ou

deck, for fear the high seas might stave them in while hanging at the davits. When within a degree of the latitude of the Horn, we were reefing the upper maintop sail one very cold day, just after a snow-storm. I was out on the lee yard-arm to pass the ear-ring, and one of my watch (a Dane) was next me. I was sitting astride the yard, while the other chap was on the foot-rope; all at once the sail gave a great flap, the leech-rope hit the Dane in the breast, knocked him off the yard, and down he went into the seething sea. I saw him go, and, looking aft, yelled, "Man overboard!" The only persons on deck were the captain, mate, carpenter, and man at the wheel. The mate saw the Dane fall, and running aft to the binnacle where two old-fashioned life-preservers were kept, he seized one, threw it to the man, who luckily caught it. The ship had lower fore and mizzen top sails, reefed foresail, and maintop sail on her. Under this sail we wore ship, and stood back for the man; we having a lookout aloft to keep sight of him, and tell us how to steer to find him, although I am sure we could have known about where he was, from the number of albatrosses and Cape pigeons swooping around the spot. When the ship had got quite near him, the boat (with its crew in it) was hoisted out, and away we went, now tossed high up by the heavy sea, then down, down in the trough of it, so far we couldn't see the ship's masts. When we reached him he was nearly exhausted, and could have kept above the water but a short time longer. He couldn't speak when we hauled him into the boat, but lay on the bottom, still clinging to the life-preserver with the clutch of a drowning man. We had a hard pull of it back to the ship against the wind and sea; the spray wet us to the skin, and how cold it was. When we finally got alongside the ship, the men on deck were all ready to hoist us on board the moment the boat was hooked on; they ran us up above the rail, out of reach of the waves, by the yard tackle; then clapped on the stay, swung us on board, lowered away, and there we were on deck. The ship was put on her course, and while the boat's crew were getting on dry clothes, some men had the Dane on the galley floor, stripped of his wet garments, a glass of hot, stiff grog down his throat, and rubbing him as though they were trying to rub the skin off. Four hours after, he was around deck as if nothing had happened. This man had been in California some years, and by hard work, and harder living, had saved six thousand dollars, for which

the captain had a check to get the money in New York. He had concluded to go home to Denmark, where his little pile would be quite a fortune, and live among his friends. He had shipped, not only to save his passage-money, but he was getting forty dollars a month from the ship. When he arrived in New York, he was going to ship for Liverpool or London, and so get near home, while earning wages all the time.

The day after he had been saved from drowning, he was at the wheel in the morning watch. I walked up to the binnacle, looked at the compass, and then said, "What did you think when you found yourself overboard?"

"Vell, you see, Mr. Gasket, de first ting I don't know what's de matter mit me; den, when I see myself overpoart, I tink I was vork so hart for dem tousand dollar to go home mit; and now, — Schorge! I goin' to drown myself; 'twas too pail. Den dem pirds dey dry to eat mine heat, but I vite um till I see de poat come, ven I feel so goot und happy, I don't know noting more till I was in de galley. Mr. Gasket, I tank God Almighty for dat;" then, after a moment's reflection, he said, "and I tank de captain too."

We had bad weather, but fair winds, until we got nearly up to the latitude of the River La Platte; from there to Sandy Hook we had fine weather and variable winds.

On the night of July sixth our eyes were delighted with the sight of Barnegat Light, on the New Jersey coast; then the Highland Lights came in sight, and we took a pilot from boat No. 8. At daylight a tug-boat came out to us, took us in tow, and at half-past nine the *Telegraph* was fast alongside Ford's Wharf in Brooklyn, just one year from the day she left Wall Street Wharf in New York.

As soon as the ship was secured, the crew left; the mate and I cleared up decks as well as we could. After which, I dressed myself in my "go-ashores," bade the mate telegraph to me at Round Bay when the ship's crew were to be paid off, got an express-wagon to take my donkey to the Hudson River Railroad depot, and then went over to New York to see my brother before going home. I went home that night, and found my friends all well. The next morning I saw Ed W—, Joe C—, and Billy H—. Ed wanted to know if I had brought that "roasting pup;" Joe asked for his "ring-tailed roarer;" and Billy H— said he "shouldn't have that red-headed parrot, if it swore; so I needn't bring it down."



ROCKING THE CRADLE.

BY M. ANGIER ALDEN.

JAMIE'S blue eyes were open wide,
And Sue could do nothing to make him sleep;
Ev'ry way he knew, the little rogue tried
To make her play with him at "Peep."

Sue by the cradle sat, nor smiled,
And rocked, unmindful of his play;
"Jamie," she said, "you naughty child!
Aren't you going to sleep to-day?"

Her dollies were waiting to take a ride, —
Nellie and Nora, Fanny and Flo, —
And here she must sit by the cradle side!
"My darlingest dollies, you cannot go."

Pussy cat purring, woke from her nap;
Up with a terrible yawn she rose,
Jumped with a plump right into Sue's lap,
Rubbing Sue's face with the tip of her nose.

"Get away, Pussy! don't bother me now;
You've tumbled my dress, and you scratch my
face
In trying to kiss, for you don't know how.
Do you hear what I say? You're out of your
place."

Pussy cat blinked, and a gleam of surprise
Stole out at Sue from her greenish gray eyes;

She felt her reception not quite *comme il faut*,
And paused, undetermined to stay or to go.

But a very wise cat, she guessed what it was
That made laughing Sue so unkind ;
So, curling her tail up, and licking her paws,
To stay she quite made up her mind.

"Did you speak to me, Pussy?" asked Sue in
surprise.

"To be sure I did," pussy cat calmly replies.

"But I never knew kittens or cats that could
speak."

"Or that rats," said Miss Pussy, "could do aught
but squeak."

"But why have you never thus spoken be-
fore ?

Why always *mew* to be let in at the door ?

Why not say 'please,' when you ask for a drink ?
And, Puss, if you talk, of course you must
think."

"Of course," said Miss Pussy, "my thoughts are
most deep,

I think all the time that you think I'm asleep."

"Then you think much more than ever I do ;
Of *what* do you think?" asked wondering Sue.

"What do I think ?"

With a very grave wink ;

"How many birds I shall get from the nests
Built in the pines by the Robin-redbreasts."

"Horrible Pussy! I do not believe

That *you* ever caught birds, — and it's wrong to
deceive."

Pussy cat deigned no reply but a blink,
And looking quite wise, continued : "I think
How I will cautiously follow the mole,
Creeping unconsciously on to his hole ;
How I will fondle the dear little mice,
Breaking their bones for them handy and nice."

"Poor little mice! but they're mischievous things ;
Beside, they can't sing, and they've not any
wings."

"Very likely," said Puss, "there's a difference in
game ;

If the birds are the best, why they're not to
blame."

"What else do you think ? Come, hasten and
tell ;

In thinking so much, you ought to think well."

"I think of the pantry, that tempting retreat,
Where oftentimes cats on the sly

May manage to get them a morsel of meat,
Or chicken-bone out of the pie."

"No wonder you blink, to confess that you think
Upon nothing but plunder and pelf ;

'Twere better by far to be just as cats are,
Than to think, and think all of yourself."

If Puss could have laughed, I think that she
would ;

She had some politeness — perhaps that she could.

"If cats are to be so unselfish, I pray,
Shouldn't children endeavor to show them the
way ?

Now, little Miss Sue,

I fancy that you

Think as much of yourself

As you say that I do.

Else why did you sigh, and look ready to weep
When you found you must try and rock Jamie
to sleep ?"

"For my dolls," replied Sue, "for my darlings I
sighed,

To think they must wait, and so long, for their
ride ;

I'd never kill birds, though I'd nothing to eat,
Or steal from the pantry a morsel of meat."

Puss, washing her face, showed no signs of shame,
I doubt if she felt any cause for the same.

While she had been talking, his game of "Bo-
peep"

Little Jamie forgot, and had fallen asleep.

Now peacefully dreaming, unconscious he lay
That Sue had ceased rocking and gone to her
play.



A CHAIN OF STORIES.

BY F. JOHNSON.

THE STORK'S STORY.

At a cozy nook in the middle of a large forest, on the bank of a rivulet, there sat, once upon a time, a fox and a badger, basking in the warm sunshine. At no great distance from them, on a tree, there sat a magpie, uttering every now and then her shrill notes, to which she beat time with her long tail, seeming convinced that no vocal music in the world could rival hers.

"Come, sit by us, Magpie," said the Fox. "You need not be afraid of us. Let us have a little chat."

The Magpie flew toward them, and sat down on the lowest branch of a tree, quite close to them. At the same time a stork approached, and commenced then pacing up and down at no great distance from them. The Fox called him too, and said then, "I want to make a proposition to all of you. We do not meet every day in this manner; let us, therefore, tell each other some interesting stories. I am sure each of us must know something, of which the others are ignorant."

"Very well, very well," cried the Magpie, raising her tail; "let me begin immediately."

"Pardon me, Magpie," said the Fox; "I believe we will let the Stork speak first. This Mr. Long-bill has recently returned from foreign parts, where he has doubtless heard and seen a great many novel and curious things."

"You do me too much honor," said the Stork, gravely glancing at the other animals; "let me reflect a little." He drew up one of his legs, and stood on the other. Thereupon he began as follows:—

"When I returned from Africa a few weeks ago, and the long trip across the Mediterranean commenced tiring me, I saw at a distance a ship, toward which I flew; and, on reaching her, I sat down on the mast in order to repose. As soon as the sailors of the crew perceived me, they invited me very kindly to come down to them,—which I did. My arrival seemed to gladden them; for a man with a round belly, who wore an apron, and who was probably the cook, fetched me, inasmuch as there were no frogs on board, a large piece of mutton,—they having just killed a fat sheep. I partook of it with great relish; and when I had finished my repast, I had to tell

the crew of my long voyage, and of the palatable African frogs, and of the immense swamps where they live and grow fat. While listening to me with close attention, they all at once beheld an enormous fish with a large belly, and its mouth wide open, swimming toward us, as if it were bent upon swallowing the whole ship. 'Wait, wait, my fine fellow,' exclaimed the fat man who wore the apron, 'we will catch you very quick!'

"So saying, he hastened to the kitchen, and returned presently with a large piece of mutton, which he had stuck on a large iron hook, and fastened to a thick rope. The piece of mutton was now thrown overboard. In a moment the fish had swallowed it; but it found out too late that the iron hook had caught in its throat, and that it was unable to free itself from it. It now commenced jerking and straining the rope, and whipped the water so violently, that the spray covered the whole deck; but the fish was caught.



The sailors quickly pulled it on board, and killed it. 'Sir Stork,' they said, laughing, 'you shall also have a fine piece of it.'

"They then attacked the fish with their knives,—ripped open its belly, and took out the guts. All at once a wonderfully thin voice was heard to cry out, 'Open, open! here, here!' All the sailors looked around, and nobody knew where the voice had come from. But, when they continued cutting the fish asunder, the voice cried out again, 'Take care, take care! Don't cut me!'—'Boys,' said the Cook, 'I believe the little voice proceeds from the stomach!'

"And such proved to be the case. When they

had carefully opened the stomach of the fish, who do you think emerged from it? A little fellow, who elbowed his way out of it, and jumped on the floor. The sailors, who had been so busily engaged in opening the fish, dropped their knives in surprise and terror, and stood staring at one another. The little man wiped his eyes and staggered, for he was as yet unable to stand firmly on his legs. But the cook, seeing how dirty the little fellow had become in the stomach of the fish, put him quickly into a bucket full of warm water, and washed him until he was entirely clean. It was not till now that the little man seemed to be perfectly at ease; he put his little hat jauntily on his head, pressed one of his hands to his side, and laid the other on the hilt of his sword. He then bowed gracefully, and said politely, 'Gentlemen, I am glad to see you. I am much obliged to you for the important service you have rendered to me; I assure you,' he added, pointing to the belly of the fish, 'I could not have stood it in there much longer.'

"For God's sake, sir, tell us, how did you get into the belly of the fish?" said the Cook. 'Besides, we should like to know what country you come from.'

"First give me something to eat and drink," said the little man, 'I will then tell you everything. O, I have had to suffer a great deal from hunger and thirst.'

"The Cook thereupon set some dishes before the little man, who partook of the viands with the utmost relish. After appeasing his hunger, he began as follows:—

"My parents had four children, of whom I was the youngest; and you see, gentlemen, that my stature has remained somewhat short. Nevertheless, I felt, ever since my childhood, the most irresistible longing to travel, so that my parents were scarcely able to keep me at home. I attempted repeatedly to run away into the wide, wide world; but every time I lost my way at no great distance from my father's house,—once in the woods, and another time in a cornfield, among the tall stalks. The third time, I fell into a puddle, where I should have surely perished but for the assistance of a peasant, who had witnessed my mishap, and extricated me from my dangerous predicament. Every time I attempted to run away, I was taken home again.

"Ah," thought I, 'it will be better for me to wait a year or two; I shall then be older, and better able to travel. When I was two years older I went one day to a neighbor of ours, a tailor, whom I had visited oftentimes. A man,

who was travelling a great deal, had given the tailor a waistcoat to mend; and while waiting for it, he had sat down behind the stove, and fallen asleep. I uttered not a word, but climbed secretly up the chair, and slipped softly into the breast-pocket of his coat. When the waistcoat had been mended, the stranger paid for it, and went away without noticing that I was in his pocket.

"It was not long before he entered a large carriage, to which four horses had been put, and ordered the coachman to start. We drove very rapidly; shortly afterward fresh horses were put to the carriage, and we pressed on without halting anywhere. I was now in my proper element. The stranger leaned back in a corner of the carriage, and fell asleep. I then put my head out of the pocket, and gazed to the right and left upon the mountains and meadows, the towns and villages, which we passed by; and I said to myself, "One cannot be a man without having seen the world."

"We pressed on for three days, night and day, and I was all the time very comfortable in my warm hiding-place. Only hunger tormented me a great deal, and I did not venture to inform the stranger of my presence. On the third evening we crossed a broad river in a city containing a large church, with a very tall steeple. All the passengers alighted there; and the stranger, in whose breast-pocket I was concealed, sat down in a room to take supper. O, how I longed to partake of it! How it added to my ravenous hunger, to see him eat with keen relish large pieces of savory roast meat, and salad and potatoes, with which he drank a great deal of wine. He then lay down in a corner and fell asleep. The waiters did not seem to notice that he was still in the room, for the last of them, on going out, took the candle with him. As the room was very dark now, I ventured to sally forth from my hiding-place, and, impelled by my ravenous hunger, I slipped out of the door, and tried to find some food. I crept softly from door to door, and finally arrived at a room from which, the door being only ajar, a very savory and appetizing odor penetrated to me. I slipped noiselessly into it, and, groping my way between all sorts of cases and boxes, I suddenly touched something edible. It was large and round, and its smell indicated that mince-meat was concealed under the baked crust. I quickly drew my sword, and it was not without difficulty that I succeeded in raising the lid. But ah! how nicely I could now appease my appetite! The whole thing was

full of spiced mince-meat, mixed with pieces of goose liver. I cut off a large piece, and feasted on it as only a famished person can do. When I was through with the first piece, I cut off another with my sword, and still another, so that I was not long in reaching the bottom of the round box in which the pie was inclosed.

"But while I was eating still with undiminished relish, I heard that somebody was at the door. In the perplexity of the moment I did not know where to conceal myself, when, fortunately or unfortunately, I jumped into the large hole which I had cut into the pie, squatted down, and shut the lid over my head.



"The man at the door, who had meanwhile entered the room, took the pie, put it into another round box, tied a string around it, and carried it away. I was slightly frightened, confined as I was in my narrow place of concealment; but I soon got over my fears. "You will not suffer here from hunger," I said to myself, "and hunger has hitherto troubled me worse than anything else."

"It became to me apparent before long that the box was placed on top of the same large carriage; and the sound of the wheels and trampling horses, which I heard, told me that we were pressing on night and day. But I was very comfortable in my box. I penetrated deeper and deeper into the pie, and he who has fasted for three days and three nights in succession, will not wonder at my extraordinary appetite; in short, at the end of three days, there was nothing in the box but my own well-fed person, and the carriage came to a stand-still.

"In a short time the box, in which I sat, was taken down and deposited in a larder. Tired in consequence of the incessant motion of the carriage for the past three days, I fell asleep for the first time during my journey, and slept so fast and soundly that I did not awake until the lid

of the round box was raised on the dinner-table of a rich man.

"A cry of surprise burst from the lips of all the guests, as I rose in the empty box and looked over the rim as over a bulwark. I confess that I myself was not a little perplexed to find myself so unexpectedly in such a company; but, quickly recovering my self-possession, I jumped on the table, took off my hat, bowed politely, and said, "Good day, gentlemen; I wish you a good appetite."

"It was a long time before any of them could recover from their speechless astonishment; but at last there arose a whisper among them, and it was not till now that I found out that I was in a foreign country, and did not understand their language. I regretted this very much indeed, inasmuch as I should have liked to tell them my brief story; and I saw that, on their part, they were eager to hear it. But, as it was, nothing remained for us but to eye each other with an air of wonder and curiosity.

"The strange event spread like wildfire throughout the whole city, and everybody wanted to see me, and hear me speak. The proprietor of the house seemed to become very fond of me, and he caused a cabinet-maker to make me a whole little apartment, with windows, and tables, and chairs. I lived in it, and a servant had to carry it every day into the garden, where his master passed a great deal of his time. The garden lay on the shore of the Mediterranean, and a high and thick wall protected it from the inroads of the impetuous waves. This was the place where I always longed to be; and when my little apartment had been placed there, I feasted my eyes on the sight of the endless sea, and the ships which were daily sailing past the garden.

"The gentleman with whom I stayed was always cautious enough to lock the door of my apartment as soon as it had been placed on the garden wall. But one day I could no longer resist my longing to take a walk on the wall. I, therefore, jumped out of the window, and paced up and down. But my whim came near proving fatal to me, for all at once a violent gust of wind hurled me into the sea. I should have assuredly perished in the water, had not a large fish swallowed me as soon as I fell into the sea. I was probably too small a morsel for it to take the trouble of munching me; so I went straight down into its stomach, whence you, gentlemen, have just been kind enough to deliver me."

"The whole crew was delighted with the story of the little man, and they told him he had bet-

ter stay with them, and help them while away their time during the tedious voyage; but the little man replied he wished to return as soon as

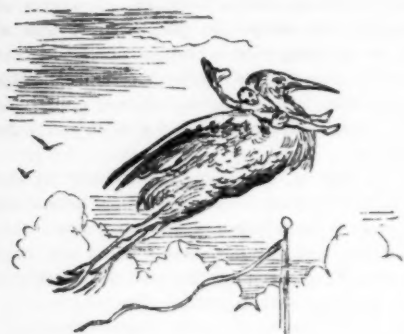
young gentleman can travel with me, if he likes; does young Master Robert, then, know me no longer?

"I do, I do, my good old friend," he replied, joyfully, for I had built my nest many years ago on the roofs of his parents; "I thought all the time that I had seen you already somewhere else. O, how glad I am to meet you here; and it would afford me pleasure to shake hands with you, if you knew that pleasant custom. I accept your kind offer with all my heart."

"After we had rested for a while, and taken another meal, the little fellow seated himself on my neck between the wings, and, after taking leave of the crew, I rose into the air. A few days ago I arrived with him at the house of his parents, who had been greatly distressed at the disappearance of their little darling, and who were now perfectly beside themselves with joy. But before I left him at the door, he had to promise me not to run away again."

"That was my story," said Mr. Long-bill.

[To be continued.]



possible to his native country, and, after the adventures he had passed through, he felt a little homesick. 'Well,' said I, added the Stork, 'the

ALONZO BRADLEY'S BEES.

AUTUMN AND WINTER MANAGEMENT.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

THE season for gathering honey is now over, but the hives still require strict attention. When the harvest season is ended for the bees it begins for the apiarist, and now, as we examine our glass honey boxes we find them full of the most tempting white comb, containing the sweetest of nature's sweets. This is, however, not the case with all the boxes. Selecting those which are full, we now take them out of the hive, and send them to market.

This brings us back to a subject treated in the June "Riverside." Do you remember the figures we left on the slate then? It was theory at that stage of our experience, and now that autumn has come, we shall find how near truth it was. In order to test it we shall take some veritable results from the record of a bee-keeper in the prairie State of Illinois. In Aurora, in the northern part of that State, where so many fine railway cars are made, there lives a Mr. William Urie, who, we trust, will excuse us for talking aloud about his doings.

In 1869 he had a hive of Italian bees that swarmed rather earlier than usual—on the twenty-fourth day of May. This was of course unexpected to Mr. Urie, but you may judge of his surprise when the regular time of swarming came, to find that the original hive swarmed twice more—once on June fourth, and again June sixth. This was beyond all precedent, but Mr. Urie was ready and hived every swarm. The spirit of the Yankee seems to take possession of Italian bees when they are brought to New England, but once out upon the prairie, they quite outdo anything heard of among the green New England valleys.

The first of Mr. Urie's swarms re-swarmed twice—first July ninth, and again July nineteenth. Did you ever hear of such enterprise? Now he had five new swarms and one old one! Honey sold then in Illinois for thirty-two cents a pound, and the hives were worth twelve dollars each. The account with the original hive stood thus:—

Five hives of bees @ \$12 . . . \$60 00
 Twenty-eight boxes of honey, 12 lbs.
 each = 336 lbs., @ 32 cents . . . 107 52

—————
 \$167 52

Mr. Urie says this is a true statement, and it is not only truly an enormous profit, but it shows how modest, and how far under the truth our brilliant figures of last June were.

On the other hand, lest this prospect should too much elate us, Mr. Urie would tell us in confidence that the season of 1868 showed no such brilliant figures. The weather was not so favorable for bee-keepers, and all care was necessary to keep the original hives from starving. There was in fact no profit at all. In 1869, too, in other regions there were experienced apiarists who lost most of their bees during the winter. This was with careful bee-keepers, but those who used the old-fashioned hives, who raised all the drones, and were either ignorant or careless, came off a great deal worse. This leads us to say that bee-keeping has been really profitable only since the modern hives and scientific care have become usual.

So much for figures. The question now arises, After taking the full boxes to market, what shall be done with those not entirely filled?

In every apiary there will be found in the autumn some swarms that have not accumulated enough honey to supply them all winter. We must distribute the honey in our partially filled boxes among these. The honey must be made very convenient for the bees, and almost forced upon their attention, for they have been known to starve to death with plenty within their reach. If we place the boxes in the usual position above the honey-board, it may remain there all winter, but if we break the comb somewhat, and tip the box a little so that the honey will run out, the economic instinct will lead the bees to take it up and carry it down to be stored in the frames for use. When the comb is thus emptied we shall put the boxes away that the same comb may be used by the bees another season.

Autumn is also the time to take care of weak hives. Some will be found containing a very small number of bees, and these will consume an extra amount of honey in order to keep themselves warm. Two weak hives will starve, if separate, on a quantity of honey that would have sustained them very comfortably if they had been together, and it is therefore necessary to consolidate weak hives.

How to do this is a question, for we know that

two colonies will fight if placed together in one hive. There are two ways of effecting a peaceful consolidation.

Did you ever see a little round, brown fungus called *puff-ball*, which, if compressed, sends forth a cloud of brown dust? This, when burned, exerts by its smoke an influence upon bees very similar to that of ether upon the human system. We can then, before mixing swarms, smoke them with puff-ball, and when they recover from stupefaction they will live in peace, only destroying any extra queens they may find. If we have no puff-ball, or do not wish to use it, we may at any time empty the bees of half a dozen weak swarms into a single hive, having only one or two combs filled with honey and bee-bread. The bees having no stores to quarrel about, will remain at peace. If there is any good clean comb in the hives we have broken up, it must be laid aside for next year's use. On a cold day we may now take from this reserve store a sufficient quantity of bees to equalize each weak swarm. These bees must be placed on top of the frames, just under the honey-board. In this case the cold weather will keep them from quarreling.

The winter treatment of bees was formerly of the simplest and most heartless nature. In autumn the farmer—we could not call him an apiarist—lifted up his old-fashioned hives to see which ones were full of honey, and leaving the light ones on the stand to get through the winter as best they could, went to work to get the honey from the others. He scooped a slight hollow in the ground, placed a little brimstone in it, and set it on fire. The hive was then held over the fumes until the whole swarm was destroyed. The cruel man then took the honey, and awaited spring with no remorse, and without reflecting that the next year his poorest swarms would be all he should have.

A very different principle governs apiarists now, and the greatest skill is exerted in winter care. It has come to be a maxim that 'He may be regarded as master in bee-culture, who knows how to winter his stocks in a healthy condition, with the least loss of bees, the smallest consumption of stores, and with the combs unsoiled.'

The amount of honey bees get from the late flowers will determine whether late and weak swarms will go safely through the winter. When the honey harvest is short in the autumn, bees seem to be aware that starvation is just before them, and stop breeding early. The consequence is that when the hive is put into winter-quarters the bees are old, except a very small number of

young ones. During the winter the old ones die, for their work is done, and this before the hive is recruited by the spring brood.

Mr. Bradley's winter-quarters is a house ten feet by fourteen, and ten feet high, the sides of which are filled in with straw to guard against changes in the weather. There is a partition which divides the interior into two apartments, each seven feet by ten, and each large enough to accommodate one hundred swarms. There is a tight door, but no window. Each apartment has a ventilator at the top, and there is a passage allowing air to enter each at the bottom. These are four inches square. In this house the hives are stored in autumn, and are kept as late as possible in the spring. This is in order that breeding may not begin at so early a period as to endanger the young bees, who are very sensitive to cold. The only care needed now is ventilation, and at least two of the holes in the honey-board of each hive must be left open during the winter.

Now that we have our bees all in a place of safety for the winter, let us speak of one other matter connected with the present season. We spoke in the spring of robber bees, and in autumn we shall find there is just as much of the same mischief going on. Bees belonging to strong hives will attack weak ones, and the apiarist will be obliged to close the entrance somewhat as was recommended once before. Virgil said that a little dust thrown up will part the fray, but later authorities tell us that dust will have little more effect upon quarrelsome bees than the old man's turf had upon the boys in the apple-

tree. Do you remember the story in the *Spelling-book*? Mr. Bradley says that robber bees may be so confused by changing the position of the hives that they will stop. But fighting is very difficult to stop.

Some years ago there was a grand battle in Ohio in which seventy swarms were engaged. The hives were quite evenly divided, being on each side of the house of a Mr. Dibblee. Like a great many other battles, it occurred on Sunday. The whole of the seventy swarms came out, and covered an acre of ground with diminutive warriors. The family was obliged to flee for safety, but Mr. Dibblee, after protecting himself, took a position where he could watch the battle. Passers-by on the road were in danger, and a large flock of great Shanghai chickens were so badly stung that most of them died. After fighting for three hours, darkness caused a cessation of hostilities, and all the survivors retired to their hives, leaving the ground covered with the bodies of the slain. Two young swarms were entirely destroyed, and all were weakened very much. It must have been a terrible scene — over a million and a half combatants engaged! No such spectacle was ever noticed before.

During the past summer a good many have visited Mr. Bradley's apiary, and, among others, the Editor of the "*Riverside*" has been there, and has witnessed most of the doings of the bees that have been recorded in these papers. We have now carried our bees safely through a year, and shall leave them for the future in the care of the kind and careful king of bees, — Alonzo Bradley of Lee, Mass.

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in the morning Effie awoke, dreamily wondering where she was. Was she in New York, at the Lanes'? Was she in the steamer, with mamma and Annie? Was it her own little room at the Farm? It almost seemed so; for opposite the foot of the bed was a photograph of Annie, that she certainly hung there last Christmas. And up against the looking-glass was the humming-bird's nest Egbert gave her, and there was the trunk of her dolls' clothes in the window-seat. But the room was different. It was

a very small room, — scarcely more than a closet. — yet it had a pleasant, large window.

And now she remembered where she was, and saw that the door was open into Gertrude's room. Last night she had been so tired and sleepy, that she could hardly tell where they were taking her. She believed she was half-asleep when they had reached the station, only she knew that Miss Alice's voice had been there to welcome her, and that Mr. Lee had lifted her from the cars; and she was not sure but Arthur Lee had taken the check, for there was a trunk full of things she

was bringing from New York. And she remembered how kind Mrs. Lee was, and that she took her in her arms as if she were a child, and tried to make her eat something; but it was very late, — nearly ten o'clock, — and Miss Alice had taken her to her bed, and showed her that she was to have this little room, opening out of Gertrude's; and Gertrude had sat up in her bed as she passed through the room, and had kissed her, — but Miss Alice would not let them talk; and how soon she must have fallen asleep — the minute she laid her head on the pillow.

Now she was wide awake, and looked about her, and could see how pretty it all was. She liked a window-seat so much; and such a broad one as this, — room enough to get up on, feet and all. And there was a wardrobe to hang her things in, and a cupboard in the corner, full of shelves; the door was partly open, so she could peep in. And there was a low chest of drawers. And by the side of the bed, on the wall, — so near that she could touch it, — she found a picture of her mother. It must have been taken very lately, — when they were in New York. It looked pale and sad, — she must have been thinking of Effie, — but O, so like her! She was looking at the picture with dripping eyes, when she heard voices in the next room, — Miss Alice and Gertrude, laughing and joking. They were having some fun she could not understand, that she had nothing to do with, and she leaned back on her pillows and hid her face, crying.

"Is there a shower in here this sunny morning?" said Miss Alice's voice. "Ah, my poor little Effie is homesick!" and she took Effie in her arms and kissed her, — how she kissed her. "I can tell," said she, talking for Effie; "you have found mamma's picture, and it makes you sad; but every morning it is to wake you up, and make you think of her, and it will keep her near you."

"I believe I'm half crying because you are so good to me," said Effie, a little ashamed of her tears. "I didn't think of seeing all my things here, and my dolls' trunk."

"That was Gertrude's and my doings," said Alice; "we went to your room, and laid our hands on everything we saw. I don't suppose you will like the arrangement, but you and Gertrude must have a time setting things in order."

"I don't believe I shall change a thing," said Effie, growing more cheerful.

"Gertrude and I have been having a fight this morning," said Alice. "I think her bed ought to be turned round, the other side to the wall, for I think she always gets out 'the wrong side' of the bed. Come and see her now."

Effie went in, and found Gertrude sitting on the floor, in the midst of her things, looking so disconsolate, that she could hardly help laughing.

"That is the way with Gertrude every morning," said Alice; "this is the hardest hour in the day to her. She never wakes up fresh and lively, as most children do. I wish you would



see if you can make her laugh, Effie. Do you see a dismal pucker on that mouth? Do you suppose it can ever laugh?"

A grim smile came over Gertrude's face, and Effie began a series of capers. "Remember," said Alice, as she left the room, "that there is dressing to be done, as well as laughing, for it won't do for me to stay here any longer to over-see you."

It was well that there was yet a long time before breakfast, or Gertrude and Effie would scarcely have appeared in time to sit down with the rest. Effie was glad to find that she was to sit between Alice and Mrs. Lee, far away from Arthur, who appeared to be more terrible than ever this morning. His voice sounded a little cross, — something like that of a bear, — and he ate his breakfast in a great hurry, to get off to his school, that was earlier than theirs; and he objected to the buckwheat cakes, and wanted a great deal of molasses. Effie was very glad that he paid no sort of attention to her. She had a talk with Miss Alice, as she was getting ready for school.

"It seems to me I am going to a different school from any I have been to before," she said, "it is such a long time since I have seen any of the girls. New York and all has come between."

"You are going to turn over a new leaf," said Miss Alice; "you will forget what you have left behind, as if you were in a race, trying to reach something, and press on to win it."

Effie looked up in Miss Alice's face, as she buttoned her coat. "I like new things, Miss Alice."

"Do you know what you are 'racing' for?" asked Miss Alice.

"One thing is to get to school, Miss Alice," said Effie, "for you know that is my hardest thing — to get to school straight."

"Well," said Miss Alice, "you must always go with Gertrude, and never stop on the way. Let us see how you succeed this morning."

It was very easy this morning, for they met Susie Parsons as they left the gate, and she wanted to know all about Effie's visit to New York; and Effie had so much to tell of the wonders she had seen, and the particulars of her journey, — even to the description of the girl who got into the cars with three baskets, "and one of them had some hens in it, and another a cat, and the girl had such a time keeping the cat in the basket. And the third basket" —

They reached the school quite too early; but there was Miss Tilden, who gave Effie a cordial welcome, and put her in a seat with Gertrude, and set her a lesson with her own old class. Gertrude was to explain to her the first lesson, and it was in Arithmetic, — that she always liked; and there were some sums in Reduction, — that she thought real fun; and she had had some talk with Uncle George in New York about this very trouble of pounds, shillings, and pence, when he was explaining to her the New York shillings.

She thought it very foolish of the English to have such a fussy kind of money, that made such a bother; but then you couldn't expect everybody to be equal to the Americans.

It was school-time now, and Miss Tilden looked reprovingly, and Effie went on with her sums. She could not but acknowledge that it was easier to study when the room was quiet, in the absence of the little girls; and she was relieved at recess to find that the little girls were sent directly home, and not allowed to linger about the school-house. She was glad to have all temptation to play with them taken away.

Mary Connor had a great deal to tell her about her struggles in keeping the "Irregulars" quiet. But she was very hopeful, and declared that Martha Sykes would really make a good scholar, if she only had pains taken with her. Effie observed how the other girls respected Mary Connor. You would really have supposed she had grown a year or two older in this short time. "Well, this very month she was to be eleven herself, and it was time to take a start."

Effie's adventures were still eagerly listened to by the rest of the girls. She told them about Grace Lane, and how, at home, she did not appear at all like the cry-baby that she did in the summer, when she stayed with them.

"I didn't think she was much of a cry-baby then," said Maria Leonard, "only you were rough with her, and she was very timid."

"But she is not timid at all, now," said Effie; "you should see her go across Broadway in front of fifteen omnibuses, when I would have waited and waited, expecting to be run over" —

"Effie says she plays on the piano as well as Alice," said Gertrude.

"O, I didn't say she played as well as Miss Alice," said Effie, "because I never heard her, and know she must play better than anybody; but I mean she plays like a grown-up person, and she could play for the others to dance."

Effie was pleased to find that in the change of taking the younger girls from the school, it had been arranged that there should be no afternoon school, but a longer session in the morning. She was somewhat discouraged, however, by the hardness of the lessons after recess, and was pleased when Miss Tilden told her she might take her books home: Miss Alice had said she would help her in catching up with the other girls.

So, after dinner, Effie attacked Miss Alice with an armful of school-books, — Geography and Grammar and Dictionary, — and wanted to know "if she could help her about her lessons."

"O, you new broom," laughed Miss Alice, "you will be worn out directly if you keep on sweeping all the time; no, you are to go out and play with Gertrude all the afternoon, and come in to me at dark."

So Effie and Gertrude went out for a game of croquet, which Effie used to despise, as she said, because there were so many rules to it; "and if your ball went up against a hummock, you could not take it away, but had to let it stay till you poked it off with your mallet in a particular way." She didn't like laws in games. But the Lées' croquet ground was delightfully smooth, — not a hummock in it, — and they had some fun to begin with, in sweeping off the brown, dead leaves that strewed the ground in one corner of the lawn, under the oak-tree. Then they had a nice little party, — only Susie Parsons, and Rosa Leonard, and themselves, — and Effie understood the game better than she ever had before, and was a Rover before any of the others, and had great fun in sweeping her ball across the field, to the rescue of her partner. To be sure, they had one or two interruptions, when Arthur Lee and a set of his boys tramped across the ground, knocking the balls from their path with their hockey sticks; but they said nothing to her.

"I think it is strange," she privately confided to Susie Parsons, "that Arthur Lee is such a very bad boy, when all the rest of his family are so good."

"O, he is not bad," said Susie; "he is only up to all sorts of fun — just what you would like."

"Why does he come and interrupt us so?" asked Effie.

"He thinks it funny, I suppose," said Susie, "and I dare say he can't abide little girls, like all boys."

It was decided the four girls should form a croquet club, and that they should be very exclusive, and nobody else should join it, and that they should meet and play every afternoon regularly; and those on the side that beat should be the President and Vice-President till the next time. The one that hit the stake first should be President.

They were just settling this, — for it had begun to be too dark to play longer, — when there came a knock on the window, to summon them in. "O, I know what that is," said Effie; "it is Miss Alice calling me to my lessons," and she ran toward the house, flinging down the mallet.

"O, Effie, wait and help put up the things," cried Gertrude.

"But Gertrude," said Effie, lingering, "Miss Alice must be waiting for me."

"I know that she would expect you to help put up the croquet things," said Gertrude.

"But I am sure," said Effie, still stopping to argue, — "I'm sure the President ought not to be expected to pick up the things, — that ought to be one of the laws."

"I think," said Rosa Leonard, "it ought to be one of the duties of the President and Vice-President; if they have had the fun of beating, it is the least they can do."

Effie was loudly objecting to this. "A President put up things!" but Susie Parsons interrupted. She had all the time been busy helping Gertrude take the hoops and stakes from the ground. "I think," she said, "that as we are Gertrude's company, we ought to at least help her put away the things, whether we are Presidents or not."

Effie felt directly rebuked, and eagerly fell to helping, silently too, for she was wondering how she should so soon have forgotten that it was the very kind of thing Miss Alice had blamed in her, in her talk with Uncle George.

"I stopped to put up the things," said Effie, when she ran in to Miss Alice afterward, "so I couldn't come the very minute."

"I saw," said Alice; "you will be astonished to find how much I do see, Effie!"

Effie was afraid she had seen how little she had helped Gertrude; but they began directly with the lessons, and had such a merry time over them, that she was quite disappointed when the hour was over.

"O, couldn't you go over that funny sounding list of names once more?" urged Effie.

But Alice declared an hour was quite long enough for lessons out of school, and they must go and have a romp till tea-time with the little boys. Effie took great delight in the great frolic they had, and Susie Parsons was there too, for she was to stay to tea.

After tea they began with a game of dominoes, — Effie, Gertrude, and Susie Parsons, — at the corner of a table. But they were somewhat disturbed by Arthur. He was studying a very hard lesson in Geometry, and sat by a gas-light at the fireside, all by himself; but though he seemed to be very deep in his book, every now and then he threw little cocked hats of newspaper into the midst of the domino party, knocking over the little fences they had built up of their dominoes, and quite disturbing the game. Gertrude occasionally exclaimed, "O, please don't,

Arthur;" but whenever they looked round at him, he was leaning over his book, deep in study. Mr. Lee was reading his newspaper, and Mrs. Lee had her basket of stockings, and neither of them observed what was going on on the other side of the room. So Effie was well pleased when Alice came down again. She had been into the nursery to see that all was right with the three little boys, and willingly consented now to "play a game" with Gertrude, Effie, and Susie.

"Now you might teach me how to play 'Buried Cities,'" suggested Effie; "you know I wouldn't play it once, when I was cross."

"It is very easy to learn," said Susie Parsons. "I will explain it to you. You have only to make up any sentence you have a mind to, only you must be careful to have all the letters come in order, and be spelt right; and it must be a city, and you mustn't have it too plain, but bury it as much as you can."

"Susie, you have not made it too plain!" laughed Alice.

"I don't understand it at all," said Effie, quite bewildered.

A sepulchral laugh was heard from behind the Geometry.

"Well," said Susie, a little aggrieved, "I don't believe anybody else can make it plainer."

"It is not easy to explain," said Alice, "but I'll try. It is easy enough after you know how. You see, Effie, I give you a sentence like this: 'A silver salver on a marble table,' and I tell you that there is a city buried in it. I mean that in the very same letters that make these words, you can find the letters that form the name of a city. The city here is Verona. 'A silver salver on a marble table.' Verona is a city in Italy."

"O dear!" sighed Effie; "but I don't know enough geography. I have never heard of Verona."

"But it isn't in geography," said Gertrude; "it is in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Don't you remember they lived in Verona?"

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!" said a terrible voice from behind the Geometry, but nobody took any notice of the interruption.

"Here is one that Gertrude made," continued Alice, "and the sentence that she made use of is taken from your favorite, 'Alice in the Wonderland.' Perhaps you could find the city buried in it? 'It is the best butter, you know.' Do you remember the city your Uncle George told

about in Egypt, on the Nile, where the great ruins are?"

Susie Parsons began slowly, "It is the best butter."

"It is Thebes, Thebes!" exclaimed Effie; "but then I never should have guessed it, if you had not reminded me of the Nile, and the great ruins."

"Here is another," said Alice: "I sent Sara to gather raspberries."

Susie Parsons very soon guessed "Saratoga."

Mr. Lee shouted out a sentence from behind a newspaper, "We met in a mob; I lent him money."

Alice, after scarcely a minute's thought, cried, "O, papa, Mobile!"

"How can you guess them so soon?" asked Effie, disconsolately.

"You must begin to make them," said Alice, "and you will see how they come out."

"Here is one," said Gertrude, who had been lost in thought for some time. "It is a place that Effie has lately been to" —

"O, then it must be New York," interrupted Effie. "I hope it is, for then I can guess it."

Gertrude went on, "Which do you like best, Adriana Bendenevy, or Katharine Oglethorpe?"

"O, New York, New York!" exclaimed Effie; "that is a splendid one!"

"Not so very splendid," said Susie; "there never was anybody named Adriana Bendenevy."

"But there might be," insisted Effie. "I think it is a very good name."

"Papa, isn't there such a name as Bendenevy?" appealed Gertrude.

"What's in a name!" growled the voice from behind the Geometry.

"I never heard of the name of Bendenevy," said Mr. Lee, "but I have heard of somebody named Lonely Mushrush; so I think it is quite possible."

"It is a much better name than Mushrush," exclaimed Effie, "and I mean to name my next doll Adriana Bendenevy. But, Miss Alice, if you would just tell me a city, I think I could make one."

Alice whispered, "Why don't you take the town we live in?"

"O yes," said Effie, and thought a minute; then came out with, "Sophronisba, eat no more goose! Beware! ham is coming!"

In spite of the wonderful "Sophronisba" at the beginning, everybody guessed "Wareham," of course.

When Effie was once launched in the game,

she went on swimmingly, but her spelling was often at fault. Her first effort was this: "My daughter Flo rid a donkey!"

"O, Effie," said Susie Parsons, "Florida is not a city!"

"And Wareham is not a real city," said Effie; "it is a town."

There was an appeal to Alice. "Florida is a country," she said, "so it would have been best to have stated beforehand it was not a city. But 'rid' is not very good grammar."

"Here's one," said Effie: "When pig is dead, ham's its name!"

"That is not the way to spell Dedham," said Gertrude, while there came a grunting from the fireside.

"Well then, this is a real foreign one," Effie went on. "Pray, madam, ask us to tea!"

Susie and Gertrude puzzled a long time; at last Susie exclaimed, "Damascus! but what a way to spell ask!"

"Here's a splendid one!" said Effie: "Jack's on vile terms with Horace!"

"No personal remarks allowed!" came from behind the Geometry. It was not long before "Jacksonville" was guessed.

Mrs. Lee from her mending-basket suggested one which contained two Buried Cities: "Beauty rewards the eyes, *I do not deny*." Alice gave out a number: "Sweet lamb *ever lying* on the grass." "He who *tries* ten times, deserves credit." "Mehitable had an ancient aunt on the mother's side." "We had a new bed for Dinah." "Tell Hassan Francis could not come."

Mr. Lee gave another: "He stood with his arms akimbo, — stones could not move him."

Gertrude brought out a poetical one: —

"Swans locked at the cat;
Hens pecked her as she sat."

It was a long time before any one could guess Athens.

The very last, Effie thought the finest of all. It was one of Alice's: —

"Andallah rideth down the glen,
No Xara by his side."

Here they were interrupted by a slamming down of the Geometry, and a rush from Arthur to the door. "There's Sam!" he exclaimed.

"O, they have sent for me," sighed Susie; "it must be late."

It was Susie's brother, and he stayed talking with Arthur in the entry, while Susie was getting ready to go.

Effie and Gertrude soon went to their rooms. "A whole day passed," thought Effie, as she laid her head on the pillow: "if only all are like this, how fast the winter will go! How splendid they all are here! Gertrude, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and everybody but Arthur. But I don't mind him, on account of Miss Alice, — dear Miss Alice!" Suddenly she started up, and called to Gertrude. Gertrude answered drowsily. "Gertrude, do you know if Miss Alice painted any to-day?"

"I don't know," said Gertrude; "I dare say she did."

"But I don't see when," persisted Effie.

"O, this afternoon, while we were playing," said Gertrude.

"Why, no," said Effie; "don't you know she went down to see that old woman, whose name I forget, and read to her all the afternoon?"

"So she did," said Gertrude; "well, perhaps she painted some in the morning" —

"Why, how you do forget," said Effie; "don't you know at dinner-time all the talk about it. How the man came to put up the double windows, and how it turned out that the woman had washed the wrong windows; and the right ones were brought up from the cellar all dusty and cobwebs, just as Miss Alice came home from walking with the little boys, and how there was nobody else to do them; and so Miss Alice spent the rest of the morning washing windows, and never got through till dinner-time. And I thought it would be such fun to wash windows. Did you ever wash any?"

No answer from Gertrude; and Effie was soon fast asleep, while she was thinking if it would not be her business to plan some time for Miss Alice to paint in.



HOW TO USE THE VOICE.

BY CHARLES R. TREAT.

POSSIBLY some of my young readers may think that they know already how to use their voices, and that I might as well try to teach them how to eat, or how to breathe. Still, perhaps, if I should try, I might be able to teach them how to eat better than they now do; and I hope that in the August number I did teach them how to breathe better than they did before. Let me say, however, that for those who are sound of body and of mind; who live wholesome, active lives, and who make a generous use of their voices, such an article as this has little value, except to show them how to develop their voices more, and to make plain the mysterious processes of common speech. It is for others that I am writing, — especially for the boys and girls who love a book, and a quiet corner, and who seldom speak; for those, too, whom weakness has prevented from joining in the hearty, noisy sports of their more robust playmates. I wish to show them what their voices should be, and what I fear they have, or may become. Let me also say that the knowledge of the Voice, and How to Use it, is gained by studying its actual use; and when I tell you that the Voice *ought to be used* in this way or that, I mean only to say that this is the way in which those whose voices are strong or sweet, *do use them*. Therefore I shall often ask you to notice your own voices, or those of others and see if what I tell you be not true.

In the first place, to use the Voice requires effort; this you will readily believe. Remember, then, as one important rule for the use of the Voice, *Let the whole body share the effort required to produce the voice*. What I mean is simply this: Suppose you were going to throw a ball; would you, could you throw it with the arm alone? Do you not always use every muscle, from your toes to your finger-tips? That is just what you ought to do when you use the Voice in vigorous speech. The process is precisely the same, for you *throw the Voice* as truly as you throw a ball. Watch some healthy little fellow when he is shouting with all his might. Every muscle of his body is tense as a bow-string. Now the fault which I wish to correct is one that rarely occurs when you are thoroughly roused, and are speaking with animation, or excitement, or strong feeling: then the Voice

takes care of itself. The fault is apt to occur in reading aloud, or in declamation, when the words you utter are not your own; and the things you describe, or the feelings you express have no more interest for you than the hard seats, or the bare walls of your school-room. This fault is to be remedied by a genuine interest in what you are reading or declaiming. That will change the dull, dead drawl, which so many children read with, to a bright, living, expressive utterance. Then be careful to secure such a position and action for the body as will help the Voice: stand erect; or if you sit, sit erect. Feel every muscle firm. Especially let the chest be raised, and not sunken and relaxed. If you use little effort with the Voice, use little with the body; but if your Voice be used with much effort, let the body share it in every part.



Fig. 1.

In the second place, to use the Voice in the best way, requires an unobstructed passage, from the throat outward. Remember, then, as another important rule, *Let the throat and mouth be open*. This may seem an absurd rule at first thought, but you will think differently when I tell you what I mean by it. It is an absurd rule, and it ought not to be necessary; yet there are faults far more absurd, which the rule is intended to correct.

Did you ever know any one so stupid as to shut the blinds and draw down the curtains when they wished to look out of the window, or to shut their eyes when they wished to see? There may not be any people so foolish as that, but there are many who, when they wish to speak, shut the throat and mouth as much as they can. If you notice the voices of very fleshy persons, you will hear a soft, half-smothered sound. This is caused partly by the accumulation of fat about the throat, and partly by the flabby, inelastic condition of the muscles of

the throat and tongue. You will also hear, sometimes, voices that seem half-choked and harsh. This is caused by an unyielding and cramped condition of the muscles of the throat and tongue. If you have ever noticed the effect upon the sound of a trumpet, produced by bending or indenting the tube, you will understand why the Voice is changed by the two things of which I have spoken. The tube of the throat is held open by the muscles that compose its sides. If these are flabby, the tube is without shape or firmness; while, if they are unyielding, the proper shape is sure not to be assumed, and the result is a bent or indented tube. There is still another kind of obstructed speaking, which sounds like a forced whisper, as though you held a boy by his throat, and he should try to scream "Stop!" or, "Let me go!" The truth is, the man who speaks with this straining tone, is actually choking himself. He is crowding his tongue down his throat just as far as he can, and then wonders why he finds it so hard to talk. This fault, unlike the other two, seems to result from too much effort; they on the contrary, are caused by not effort enough.

Laziness is also at the bottom of another very common fault, — talking through the nose, or the nasal tone. To be sure, an American, certainly it is safe to say a New Englander, who does not talk through his nose, is as great a rarity as Barnum's "What is it." To prove this, let me tell you a story. A friend of mine, who is a teacher of Elocution, and a most successful teacher of "How to use the Voice," while in Edinburgh, called upon a teacher of Elocution who lived there. He introduced himself as an American. The gentleman, to his great surprise, said to him, "I should have known you were an American by your nasal tone." You will therefore readily believe that what a distinguished Professor of Vocal Culture could not rid himself of, the rest of American humanity must submit to without hope of remedy.

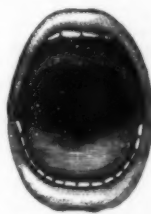
But this nasal tone that belongs to us all, which Dr. Holmes facetiously charges upon the chilling "East wind," is not the fault which I would urge you to correct. I am speaking of the genuine Yankee drawl, that is always accompanied by a lounging, shiftless manner; a tone that is made through the nose, because the speaker is too lazy to open his mouth wide enough to let it pass out there. Beware of the beginning of this disgusting fault. Speak always with life. Never let your voice crawl sluggishly out. Always open the throat and mouth, and

guide its course. Let me explain the fault a little more fully.



Curtain of the Palate
at rest.
Fig. 2.

is called a "curtain," or "veil." If you look at figure 4, you will see how thin this "curtain" is, and how, when it hangs down, it shuts the passage out through the mouth. It is this "curtain" which makes the nasal tone. It ought to be lifted up, as in figure 3, when the voice is used.



Curtain rolled up.
Fig. 3.

talking with a tone that sounds *full, round, and rich*. Avoid a tone that sounds *thin, sharp, or poor*.

There are two other faults which I must hastily describe. One of these is the "quacking" tone. You have heard a duck talk. Well, there are people who talk like ducks. Their mouths are held nearly shut, the tongue flat, and close to the roof of the mouth, just the shape of a duck's bill. The other fault is a "shallow" tone. This is more common among girls than among boys. Their talking seems to be all done just at the edge of the lips. There seems to be no voice within the throat or mouth. It sounds like the shadow of a voice, utterly empty of expression or life. A machine could talk better than they do. The fault usually arises from false modesty, or overmuch nicety. Get rid of it as soon as you can.

In the third place, the Voice should be clothed with the proper quality; and as a rule to help you do this, remember that you must *Aim the tone at the right place*. I say *aim the tone*, because the tone is air, which is like all air, except

The accompanying figure 2 will make the matter plain. It represents what you will see if you look into your mouth with a mirror, or into somebody's else. At the back part of the mouth there hangs a slender bit of flesh, which is like the tassel of a curtain. It is so much like a tassel, that it is called so; and that from which it hangs

need not be raised nearly so high; but when using much voice, speaking to a large number, or calling to some one at a distance, it should be, and is usually raised till it almost disappears. Therefore practice speaking and

that it is vibrating, and can be directed or blown to any point you please. The direction which you ought to give is to some point upon the roof



Fig. 4.

of the mouth. I told you, in the beginning of this article, that all we knew of the way in which the Voice ought to be used, we had learned by studying the way in which the Voice was actually used. Now we have learned that when one is talking, as I should be if I were telling you these things instead of writing them, his Voice strikes against that part of the roof of the mouth which is just behind the teeth. If you touch that part of the mouth with your tongue, it will feel hard; hence, the tone which strikes against it will be made hard. This is what I mean by quality. Voice is produced in the throat, but that is like a hen without feathers; it is naked sound. If I should blow through a throat which I had cut from some dog or cat, the sound would be very different from that which the animal would make. That which makes the human Voice what it is, is not so much the size or shape of the vocal chords, as it is the size and shape of the throat and mouth.

Now touch again with your tongue the roof of your mouth. It feels hard behind the teeth, then it becomes a little soft, then more so, then very soft indeed. This whole surface which you touch is called the palate; the hard part the hard palate, the soft part the soft palate; and the tones which strike against the hard palate become hard tones, while the tones that strike against the soft palate become soft tones. When the captain commands "Halt!" his Voice strikes against the hard palate; when the mother sings

to her babe, her Voice strikes against the soft palate. The hard tones express decision and determination; they are used when one wishes to state a fact, the time of day, the condition of the weather, or any matter of information or instruction. The soft tones express feeling, such as joy or sorrow, of sympathy and of affection. To express feeling of a grander sort, such as awe or reverence, the "curtain" of the palate rises, as in figure 3, and the Voice is directed toward the back part of the mouth, which is also soft, thus giving a soft tone with great fullness and richness.

These things I speak of, because too often people fall into a habit of using one kind or quality of the Voice, and never (or almost never) any other. Thus you will hear some grown people, rarely boys or girls, talking always with a hard, unsympathetic tone. The trouble is that there is no sympathy, or very little in them. Their hearts are dry and dead. But when the heart is full of warm, glowing love, — love for brother and sister and playmate, for father and mother, — the Voice will play back and forth upon the palate as Ole Bull's bow plays upon the strings of his violin. Thus you will see that the heart must first be cured, if the Voice is to be made what it ought to be. The Voice should be as sensitive to the slightest change of thought or feeling, as the daguerreotype plate is to the sunlight, so that it shall perfectly picture the inner life of child or man. You have been often told that your character should be transparent and guileless; this is one way to make it so.

But I must not moralize in a dry discussion of "How to use the Voice," though I should be glad to show you more plainly how the mind and heart influence and mould the Voice. You will perhaps let me add this, — that a pure, sweet heart always speaks with a pure, sweet Voice.

DANISH POPULAR LEGENDS.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

DENMARK is rich in old legends of historical persons, churches, and manors, of hills, of fields, and bottomless moors; sayings from the days of the great plague, from the times of war and peace. The sayings live in books, and on the tongues of the people; they fly far about like a

flock of birds, but still are as different from one another as the thrush is from the owl, as the wood-pigeon from the gull. Listen to me, and I will tell you some of them.

It happened one evening in days of yore, when the enemy were pillaging the Danish country,

that a battle had been fought and won by the Danes, and many killed and wounded lay on the field of battle. One of these, an enemy, had lost both his legs by a shot. A Danish soldier, standing near by, had just taken out a bottle filled with beer, and was about to put it to his mouth, when the badly wounded man asked him for a drink. As he stooped to hand him the bottle, the enemy discharged his pistol at him, but the shot missed. The soldier drew his bottle back again, drank half of it, and gave the remaining half to his enemy, only saying, "You rascal, now you will only get half of it."

The king afterward hearing of this, granted the soldier and his descendants an armorial bearing of nobility, on which was painted a half-filled bottle, in memory of his deed.

There is a beautiful tradition worth telling about the church-bell of Farum. The parsonage stood close by the church. It was a dark night late in the fall, and the minister was sitting up at a late hour preparing his sabbath sermon, when he heard a slight, strange sound from the large church-bell. No wind was blowing, and the sound was inexplicable to him; he got up, took the keys, and went into the church. As he entered the church the sound stopped suddenly, but he heard a faint sigh from above. "Who is there, disturbing the peace of the church?" he asked, in a loud voice. Footsteps were heard from the tower, and he saw in the passage-way a little boy advancing toward him.

"Be not angry!" said the child. "I slipped in here when the Vesper Service was rung; my mother is very sick!" and now the little boy could not say more for the tears that choked him. The minister patted him on the cheek, and encouraged him to be frank, and to tell him all about it.

"They say that my mother — my sweet, good mother — is going to die; but I knew that when one is sick unto death he may recover again and live, if in the middle of the night one dares enter the church, and scrape off a little rust from the large church-bell; that is a safeguard against death. Therefore I came here and hid myself until I heard the clock strike twelve. I was so afraid! I thought of all the dead ones, and of their coming into the church. I dared not look out; I read my Lord's Prayer, and scraped the rust off the bell."

"Come, my good child," said the minister; "our Lord will forsake neither thy mother nor thee." So they went together to the poor cot-

tage, where the sick woman was lying. She slept quietly and soundly. Our Lord granted her life, and his blessings shone over her and her son.

There is a legend about a poor young fellow, Paul Vendelbo, who became a great and honored man. He was born in Jutland, and had striven and studied so well that he got through the examination as student, but felt a still greater desire to become a soldier and stroll about in foreign countries. One day he walked with two young comrades, who were well off, along the ramparts of Copenhagen, and talked to them of his desire. He stopped suddenly, and looked up at the window of the Professor's house, where a young girl was seated, whose beauty had astonished him and the two others. Perceiving how he blushed, they said in joke, "Go in to her, Paul; and if you can get a voluntary kiss from her at the window, so that we can see it, we will give you money for travelling, that you may go abroad and see if fortune is more favorable for you there than at home."

Paul Vendelbo entered into the house, and knocked at the parlor door.

"My father is not at home," said the young girl.

"Do not be angry with me!" he answered, and the blood rushed up into his cheeks, "it is not your father I want!" And now he told her frankly and heartily his wish to try the world and acquire an honorable name; he told her of his two friends who were standing in the street, and had promised him money for travelling on the condition that she should voluntarily give him a kiss at the open window; and he looked at her with such an open, honest, and frank face, that her anger disappeared.

"It is not right for you to speak such words to a chaste maid," said she; "but you look so honest, I will not hinder your fortune!" And she led him to the window, and gave him a kiss. His friends kept their promise, and furnished him with money. He went into the service of the Czar, fought in the battle of Pultowa, and acquired name and honor. Afterward, when Denmark needed him, he returned home, and became a mighty man of the army and of the king's council. One day he entered the Professor's plain room, and it was not just the Professor he wished to see this time either: it was again his daughter, Ingeborg Vinding, who gave him the kiss, — the inauguration of his fortune. A fortnight after, Paul Vendelbo Loevendern (Lion-eagle) celebrated his wedding.

The enemy made once a great attack on the Danish island of Funen. One village only was spared; but this was also soon to be sacked and burnt. Two poor people lived in a low-studded house, in the outskirts of the town. It was a dark winter evening; the enemy was expected; and in their anxiety they took the Book of Psalms, and opened it to see if the psalm which they first met with could render them any aid or comfort. They opened the book, and turned to the psalm, "A mighty fortress is our God." Full of confidence, they sang it; and, strengthened in faith, they went to bed and slept well,—kept by the Lord's guardianship. When they awoke in the morning it was quite dark in the room, and the daylight could not penetrate; they went to the door, but could not open it. Then they mounted the loft, got the trap-door open, and saw that it was broad daylight; but a heavy drift of snow had in the night fallen upon the whole house and hidden it from the enemies, who in the night-time had pillaged and burnt the town. Then they clasped their hands in thankfulness, and repeated the psalm, "A mighty fortress is our God!" The Lord had guarded them, and raised an intrenchment of snow around them.

From North Seeland there comes a gloomy incident that stirs the thoughts. The church of Roervig is situated far out toward the sand hills by the stormy Kattegat. One evening a large ship dropped anchor out there, and was presumed to be a Russian man-of-war. In the night a knocking was heard at the gate of the parsonage, and several armed and masked persons ordered the minister to put on his ecclesiastical gown and accompany them out to the church. They promised him good pay, but used menaces if he declined to go. He went with them. The church was lighted, unknown people were gathered, and all was in deep silence. Before the altar the bride and bridegroom were waiting, dressed in magnificent clothes, as if they were of high rank, but the bride was pale as a corpse. When the marriage ceremony was finished, a shot was heard, and the bride lay dead before the altar. They took the corpse, and all went away with it. The next morning the ship had weighed anchor. To this day nobody has been able to give any explanation of the event.

The minister who took part in it wrote down the whole event in his Bible, which is handed down in his family. The old church is still standing between the sand hills at the tossing

Kattegat, and the story lives in writing and in memory.

I must tell you one more church legend. There lived in Denmark, on the island of Falster, a rich lady of rank, who had no children, and her family was about to die out. So she took a part of her riches, and built a magnificent church. When it was finished, and the altar-candles lighted, she stepped up to the altar-table and prayed on her knees to our Lord, that He would grant her, for her pious gift, a life upon the earth as long as her church was standing. Years went by. Her relations died, her old friends and acquaintances, and all the former servants of the manor were laid in their graves; but she, who made such an evil wish, did not die. Generation upon generation became strange to her, she did not approach anybody, and nobody approached her. She wasted away in a long dotage, and sat abandoned and alone; her senses were blunted, she was like a sleeping, but not like a dead person. Every Christmas Eve the life in her flashed up for a moment, and she got her voice again. Then she would order her people to put her in an oak coffin, and place it in the open burying-place of the church. The minister then would come on the Christmas night to her, in order to receive her commands. She was laid in the coffin, and it was brought to the church. The minister came, as ordered, every Christmas night, through the choir up to the coffin, raised the cover for the old, wearied lady, who was lying there without rest.

"Is my church still standing?" she asked, with shivering voice; and upon the minister's answer, "It stands still!" she sighed profoundly and sorrowfully, and fell back again. The minister let the cover down, and came again the next Christmas night, and the next again, and still again the following. Now there is no stone of the church left upon another, no traces of the buried dead ones. A large whitethorn grows here on the field, with beautiful flowers every spring, as if it were the sign of the resurrection of life. It is said that it grows on the very spot where the coffin with the noble lady stood, where her dust became dust of earth.

There is an old popular saying that our Lord, when he expelled the fallen angels, let some of them drop down upon the hills, where they live still, and are called "Bjergfolk" (mountain goblins), or "Trolde" (imps). They are always afraid, and flee away when it thunders, which

is for them a voice from heaven. Others fell down in the alder moors; they are called "Elver-folk" (alder folks), and among them the women are very handsome to look at, but not to trust; their backs are also hollow, like a dough-trough. Others fell down in old farms and houses; they became dwarfs and "Nisser" (elves). Sometimes they are wont to have intercourse with men, and a great many stories about them are related which are very strange.

Up in Jutland lived in a large hill such a mountain goblin, together with a great many other imps. One of his daughters was married to the smith of the village. The smith was a bad man, and beat his wife. At last she got tired of it, and one day as he was going again to beat her, she took a horse-shoe and broke it over him. She possessed such an immense strength, that she easily could have broken him in pieces too. He thought about it, and did not beat her any more. Yet it was rumored abroad, and her respect among the country-people was lost, and she was known as a "Trolld baru" (an imp child). No one in the parish would have any intercourse with her. The mountain goblin got a hint of this; and one Sunday, when the smith and his wife, together with other parishioners, were standing in the church-yard, waiting for the minister, she looked out over the bay, where a fog was rising.

"Now comes father," she said, "and he is angry!" He came, and angry he was.

"Will you throw them to me, or will you rather do the catching?" he asked, and looked with greedy eyes upon the church-people.

"The catching!" she said; for she knew well that he would not be so gentle when they fell into his hands. And so the mountain goblin seized one after another, and flung them over the roof of the church, while the daughter, standing on the other side, caught them gently. From that time she got along very well with the parishioners; they were all afraid of the mountain goblin, and many of that kind were scattered about the country. The best they could do was to avoid quarreling with him, and rather turn his acquaintance to their profit. They knew well that the imps had big kettles filled with gold money, and it was certainly worth while to get a handful of it; but for that they had to be cunning and ingenious, like the peasant of whom I am going to tell you; as also of his boy, who was still more cunning.

The peasant had a hill on his field, which he would not leave uncultivated; he ploughed it,

but the mountain goblin, who lived in the hill, came out and asked, —

"How dare you plough upon my roof?"

"I did not know that it was yours!" said the peasant; "but it is not advantageous for any of us to let such a piece of land lie uncultivated. Let me plough and sow! and then you reap the first year what is growing over the earth, and I what grows in the earth. Next year we will change." They agreed; and the peasant sowed the first year carrots, and the second corn. The mountain goblin got the top part of the carrots, and the roots of the corn. In this way they lived in harmony together.

But now it happened that there was to be a christening in the house of the peasant. The peasant was much embarrassed, as he could not well omit inviting the mountain goblin, with whom he lived in good accord; but if the imp accepted his invitation, the peasant would fall into bad repute with the minister and the other folk of the parish. Cunning as the peasant ordinarily was, this time he could not find out how to act. He spoke about it to his pig-boy, who was the more cunning of the two.

"I will help you!" said the boy; and taking a large bag, he went out to the hill of the mountain goblin; he knocked, and was let in. Then he said that he came to invite him to the christening. The mountain goblin accepted the invitation, and promised to come.

"I must give a christening-present, I suppose; mustn't I?"

"They usually do," said the boy, and opened the bag. The imp poured money into it.

"Is that sufficient?" The boy lifted the bag.

"Most people give as much!" Then all the money in the large money kettle was poured into the bag.

"Nobody gives more — most less."

"Let me know, now," said the mountain goblin, "the great guests you are expecting."

"Three priests and one bishop," said the boy.

"That is fine; but such gentlemen look only for eating and drinking, — they don't care about me. Who else comes?" — "Mother Mary is expected!" — "Hm, hm! but I think there will always be a little place for me behind the stove! Well, and then?"

"Well, then comes 'our Lord.'" — "Hm, hm, hm! that was mighty! but such highly distinguished guests usually come late and go away early. I shall therefore, while they are in, sink away a little. What sort of music shall you have?"

"Drum-music!" said the boy; "our Father has ordered a heavy thundering, after which we shall dance! drum-music it shall be."

"O, is it not dreadful!" cried the mountain

goblin. "Thank your master for the invitation, but I would rather stay at home. Did he not know, then, that thundering and drum are to me, and to my whole race, a horror? Once, in my



younger days, going out to take a walk, the thunder began to drum, and I got one of the drumsticks over my thigh-bone so that it cracked. I will not have more of that kind of music! Give my thanks and my greetings."

And the boy took the bag on his back, and brought his master the great riches, and the imp's friendly greetings.

We have many legends of this sort, but those we have told ought to be enough for to-day!



JACKY MARAMA;

OR, THE TRUE STORY OF AN AMERICAN BOY IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY R. D. CARTER.

IN the month of December, 1858, eleven years ago now, the writer of this was travelling in New Zealand, along with three other friends. Their object was chiefly a botanizing tour through an unvisited part of that far-away country. Everything in that country (as, doubtless, many of my young readers have learnt from their geographies) is just the reverse of ours. It is day there when night here, and summer at Christmas; whilst the sun is due north every day at noon, and many other, to us, seeming contradictions to what we have been used. The people who live there were formerly a wild, savage race of tattooed cannibals, of a pale-olive color, and marked all over their bodies with strange lines and figures, a deep-blue color, from the juice of a native plant called "Korari," which never washes out or wears off, but is pricked into the skin with sharp flint stones, and a very painful operation it must be. All the chiefs, especially, are marked with it all over their faces, each tribe having a different pattern, so that they can tell each other, and know friends from foes. Not thirty years ago they were all cannibals, cooking and eating the bodies of those they killed, or took captive in fighting, and they were almost always fighting with each other then. They thought if they ate their enemy, his good qualities or virtues would become theirs. Thus, if a man was known to be very quick of hearing, or sharp-sighted, or very brave, — by eating his eyes, or ears, or heart, they would obtain all his powers. Very few ships then touched at their shores, they were so cruel and savage; they killed and ate every one they could, and so all white men tried to avoid the island. Every now and then, however, some American whaling ship was forced to go there, being driven thither either by storms, or want of water; and then, if they were seen, they were sure to be attacked, and often killed; or, worse still, kept as slaves and prisoners, to be ate at some future feast. Now, what I am about to tell really happened as I shall relate it. I had it from the lips of the old man himself, who is still, I believe, living — an old gray-headed man — in the place I first saw him.

In the course of our travels we had come to a

beautiful inland bay of clear blue water, surrounded by hills and huge rocks, covered with forest trees, all evergreen, never shedding their leaves altogether, and most of them one mass of gorgeous blossoms — red, orange, and snowy-white; tall towering ferns pierced through these, and spread their long, delicate fronds, like huge canopies, high up in the sky. Various colored shells, and grotesque-shaped corals, through whose stony foliage glided bright-hued fish, formed the bottom of the bay, plainly seen through the clear blue water. Here and there a beautiful valley ran up between the hills, and in these valleys lived the natives, called Maories (Mowrys), in their small, reed-built huts. One of the most powerful tribes lived in that part of New Zealand, called the Ngapuhi. I and one of my companions, a young Englishman, both being thirsty, ventured to go into one of the largest of these huts, the residence of the chief, Te Whero Whero, to ask for some water. A lot of savage dogs greeted us, and we had to stand still until a woman came out and called them away.

As soon as we entered, I saw seated on a native-made mat an old gray-headed man, with a cloak of birds'-skins over his shoulders; these skins belong to a bird peculiar to New Zealand, and called by the natives the Kiwi (*Apteryx*). It has no feathers, no tail, and no wings, but is covered with a kind of fine fur the color of a mouse, and has a very long bill. It only comes out and feeds at night. Its cry is a shrill, prolonged whistle. We often heard them in the forest at night. Its skin is much valued, and used only by the chiefs. The skin cloak came down to the old man's knees, and, except some white heron feathers stuck in his hair, he had no other covering. He rose up as we entered the hut, or *whare*, and bade us welcome in the Maori language, "*Tena ra korna*," "Here you two are!" their manner of saying "How do you do?" If friends or relatives meet, they also rub their noses together, instead of shaking hands. And in passing, toss up their heads, instead of nodding as we do. To my astonishment this man was quite white, instead of an olive color, and I felt sure he was not a native. He asked us to sit down on the floor on mats, and we did so, whilst

his wife brought us a gourd of water and some ripe water-melons, which we thought delicious, as the day was hot, and we had walked a long distance. After sitting, and talking some time in their language, which I had learnt, I asked the old man if he was a native, and born there. He told me he was not, and then commenced the following history, which I give as nearly as I can in his words :

"I am not a native born," he began, "but an American. I was born, I believe, in Connecticut, at a place called New London. I do not know how old I am now, but I suppose I am somewhere about seventy. I came here when a boy, on board a whaling ship ; I forget its name now, and I have long forgotten what my white name was, but I remember my father was captain of the ship. I was about ten years old when I first came here. The ship was out of water, and we were forced to land here in this bay, to try and get some. We sent our boats on shore, seeing no natives about, and began filling our casks as fast as we could, for we knew they would kill and eat us, if they saw and caught us. It was very different then ; no missionaries had been here, and they were all heathens and cannibals. We had nearly done filling the casks, when my father came on shore bringing me with him, as I begged him to do so. He wanted to shoot some pigs or birds, as we had no fresh meat on board. We went into the woods, and he shot several pigeons and parrots. I suppose the natives heard the report of the gun,—indeed, they told me they did afterward,—for sound travels a long way in this dry climate (a fact we had noticed, being able often to hear each other speak, two miles apart), and they came down to see what it was. We had three boats on shore at the time, besides my father's ; and there were only the carpenter, steward, and cook left on board with two sick men. The first thing that let us know the natives had come upon us, was a shower of spears from among the trees, which killed the first mate and six men. The others ran toward their boats to get their guns, but the natives (I don't know how many, but a great many) got first between them and the boats, and secured all the weapons. Our men hoped they would not know how to use the guns, but they did—at least, the chief did, and he showed the others. Except my father's gun, and the mens' clasp-knives, we were altogether unarmed, and at their mercy,—a word they neither knew nor practiced. My father and I just then hearing their horrid yells, came out of the forest ; and he tried to talk and quiet

them. They no sooner, however, saw his gun, than they made signs he should give it up to them. He did not like this, but was forced to do it ; the chief came and took it from him, and then lifted up his right hand, to which he had a small stone club fastened, and struck my father on the head ; he fell down dead, and this was the signal for a general massacre of all the rest. I ran and hid in a bush. As soon as they had done killing the men, they took the boats and went on board the ship, and killed all there ; they then stripped the ship of all they could, and came on shore again. One of them had two dogs with him, and they smelt me, for they came and began barking at me. I came out trembling and crying, fully expecting to be killed instantly. I almost wished it, seeing all my dead companions and father lying in a heap. The chief lifted his club, and I thought he was going to throw it at me ; but he suddenly changed his mind, and motioned me to come to him. I went up in great fear, but he made me sit down near him, and began talking to his men ; of course I did not know what he said. They, however, began to dig a large hole in the ground, or rather trench, as I thought, to bury the dead in ; whilst two of them went off into the woods to fetch, as I afterward found out, the rest of the tribe. As soon as the hole was large enough, and sufficiently deep, they threw a lot of sticks into it and set them on fire, rubbing, or rather rolling one in a hole in another to get a light. When the fire was nearly burnt out, they threw a lot of stones in on the embers, and left them until nearly red hot ; they then, to my horror, stripped the dead bodies, and laid them in order on the wet mats they had placed on the hot stones, covered them with more wet mats, and then a thick covering of soil, so that no steam could escape. I still thought all this was one to bury and destroy them the quicker ; it was now night, and the men had made a sort of shelter of boughs of trees and large leaves. The chief made me lie down on the mat with him, but I could not sleep ; I did nothing but cry all night, and tried to pray to God to take care of me and help me to find a way to escape and get home once more. At the thought of home and my poor mother, I cried still more bitterly ; moreover, I felt both hungry and thirsty, having had nothing to eat since breakfast on that ill-fated morning. Toward daybreak I fell into an uneasy slumber, full of horrid dreams ; and when I awoke, I found the rest of the tribe had come,—old men, women, and children. They were all seated round that

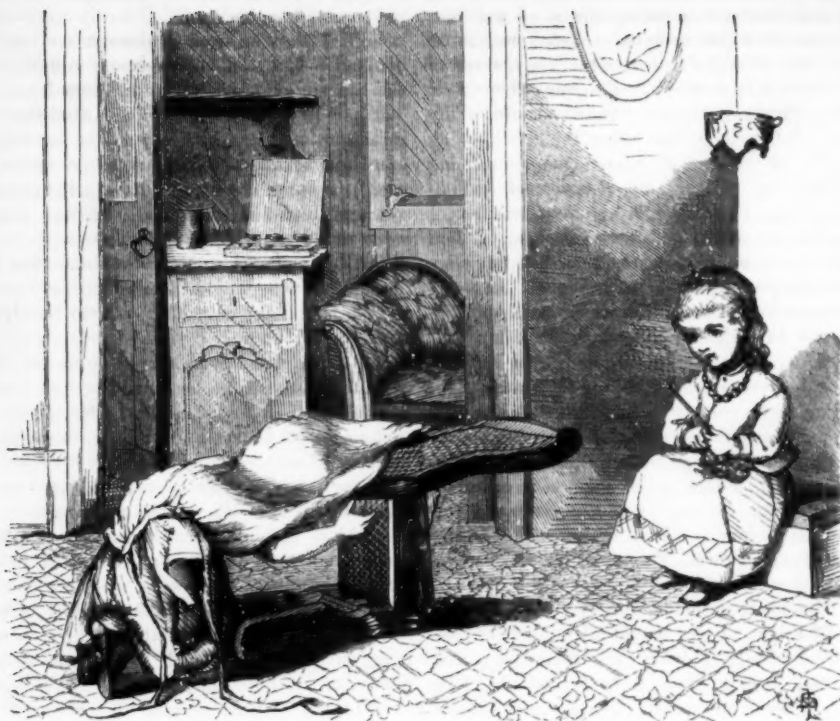
dreadful pit, and had taken out one or two of the bodies, and were busy eating them. I was horrified, and the sight made me so sick I was forced to get out of sight and vomit. They, none of them, seemed to notice me; I suppose they knew and thought there was no possible chance of my escape. After they had done their disgusting meal, one of the women brought me a small mat with some food on it; I found it was fish and potatoes. I took them aside, away from that fearful place, into the forest, and there eat them. I then brought back the mat. I could not help wondering what they would do with me at last, — if they would fatten me to kill, or let me live. The chief and men had a long talk together, and pointed frequently at the ship and then at me; I knew they were then deciding my future fate. As they were talking (sometimes in a violent way, as if quarreling about the distribution of what they had got from the ship), the chief's wife went up to him and spoke long and earnestly, pointing often to me. I found afterward she begged me of him to adopt as her child, as she had none of her own. The chief had one daughter by a former wife, and that was all their family. The chief consented, and Wainona took me home with her. I was taught all the arts of fishing and hunting, throwing the boomerang and spear, and in time came to be looked on as Te Whero Whero's successor. The old man himself made me take his name, and the rest of the tribe called me 'Marama,' which means 'Light,' or 'the Moon,' from my white skin. I had but one quarrel with Te Whero, and that nearly ended in my death. It was this. When Te Whero was old, and near dying, he took a great fancy to the daughter of Monganui, a powerful chief of the neighboring tribe of the Ngatiwai, and a relative of Te Whero's. The girl was only sixteen years old, and very beautiful; indeed, she was famed for it, and called 'Pepepe' ('the Winged Flower'). We (that is, she and I) had been frequently together, and, from being my playmate, I grew to love her, and wished to make her my wife. She seemed in no way reluctant, and Wainona greatly favored it. Te Whero wished to kill her; you start, — for I did when I heard him, — but it is one of our customs to kill our favorite attendants, to accompany and wait on us in the other world. Te Whero wished to have Pepepe, for he believed he should become young again there. He sent for her when he was lying on his mat, ex-

pecting to die soon. When she came, he ordered me to give him his gun. I hardly dared refuse, though I knew he wanted to shoot her, and I did not know what to do. I went and told Wainona; she hid the gun, and I then told him I could not find it. In a great rage, to our astonishment, he sprang up off the mat; and saying to me, 'Ka tohe koe ki ahaw?' ('Do you dare strive with me?') he flung at me a tomahawk; it just missed me, and I rushed out of the *whare*. He also went out, passion lending him strength, and ordered the poor girl to go with him. She dared not refuse, or he would have killed her there and then. His house was built on yon steep rock (pointing to one a short distance off, rising sheer out of the bay, and overlooking the water; an old ruined hut was still to be seen about one hundred yards back from the precipice). He led the girl to the edge of the rock, and then suddenly pushed her over; her scream as she fell still rings in my ears, my heart seemed to cease beating, and my blood ran cold. We all fully expected to find her dashed to pieces on the sharp, jagged, scoria rocks below. Some four or five started to bring back her bruised, lifeless corpse; but you may judge of our delight and thankfulness when we saw her bravely stemming the waves, and swimming to yon small island. It happened, fortunately, to be high tide, and the rocks were all covered. Te Whero ground his teeth with rage, but his strength was gone, and he could barely crawl back to his mat; there he died, an hour or two later, before they could bring Pepepe back. At his death I was chosen chief in his place, and have ruled ever since."

"And Pepepe," I inquired, "what became of her?"

"You have seen her," he answered; "she brought the water and melons to you."

As his wife just then reentered the hut, I and my friend looked at her with increased interest. She bore evident marks of having once been beautiful, and was still a fine-looking woman. Te Whero, or Marama, made us stay and have dinner, and we left him, much pleased with our reception and entertainment. If any of my readers visit the Bay of Islands, any one there will direct him where to find Jacky Marama, the New Zealand chief, once the little American boy from New London. I will only add, in conclusion, he persuaded and induced his tribe long ago to give up the horrid practice of cannibalism.



THE LITTLE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Now Katy, be still, and don't move a speck,
 Or you'll spoil what we call the rembrandt-
 feck;
 That's something you do when you're wanted to
 look
 Like a magic-lantern picture pasted in a book.
 Hold the hearth-broom just so:
 It's your knitting, you know.

Just sit and think you're little Jack Horner.
 And keep your eyes fixed hard on that corner;
 There — where I point, then I'll get up again,
 And when I have counted as far as to ten,
 Shut your eyes tight, and I'll show you your
 photograph;
 Now Katy, don't move, and Katy, mind, *don't*
 you laugh.

THE SETTLE.

EFFIE and her friends have been guessing "Buried Cities." Here is a letter which contains at least forty-eight buried cities, who can find more?

MY DEAR MABEL MONTROSS, — I do not feel bright to-night, so do not expect anything fresh or new. Have not I toiled all day Mabel? I made cake from eight till six and have been dish washing to-night. I shall have the best supper that I can

for my ball. Is boned turkey essential? It is so difficult to prepare one, I dare say I shall have help from Mrs. Murphy. Ann is a good cook. I have bought seven ice-cream freezers, and Mrs. Flynn promises to prepare the ices. I shall send Mrs. Smith a card, but I do not intend to send Mrs. Kalb any. I may think it best Louisa Tyrell should be asked. I think Imogene Vattoll and Aurora Leigh will be the belles. I sent to Hyde and Hart for

dresses. I think for the buff a long train is desirable, but I shall have the amber neither short nor long. Amy is ill again; her lot is sad. I told Dr. Caustic air or exercise were the best remedies. She is trying a new tonic, it is ale mixed with sumac. On many accounts I am glad the Astons have left. Their bad son stole dogs and tormented them. I hope to welcome my dearest Aunt on Tuesday. Remember you promised us August. Amy longs to see you; so do, my dearest, come. How long since you were here? It seems forever. On Amy's account I sigh, entreat, urge. No answer in the negative! If you refuse we shall all weep. Is a poor letter better than none? If so, peruse this and overlook all mistakes. Ed. is to come on the 16th from Cuba. Then surely you will join him. Ever thine.

ANNA H. ANTHONY.

ENIGMA.

The child of commerce, and the warrior's friend,
How gladly to the breeze my wings I bend!
Without me, Western Isles were still unknown,
And Egypt's sands with soldier corpses strown
Puffed up with pride, I serve my jolly Jack;
On rich men's tables, I will turn my back.
The pretty maiden bending o'er her frame,
Must yield to me the homage that I claim.
In olden times I used to carry letters,
And at a pinch could preach unto my betters;
But now, alas! I get but small attention,
Supplanted quite by Kidder's new invention.
But the poor artist I delight to aid,
Of many a genius I a lord have made;
In France, 'tis said, I'm but a skeleton
Which any poet may put garments on.
By day, by night, in sunshine and in storm,
I man attend in my Protean form.
One parting word, to help you to my name,
On me depends the politician's fame.
A little crooked aid perhaps you'll lend,
But who would scruple to assist a friend?
Now guess my name, — if you the name can call, —
I'm smiling on you from yon pictured Hall!

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of ten letters.
My 1, 10, 2, 6, is a wild animal.
My 3, 7, 8, 6, is a journey.
My 9, 2, 3, 10, can be found in a fence.
My 6, 4, 8, 3, 10, is a direction.
My 5, 10, 2, 6, is not far.
My whole is the capital of one of the United States.
2. I am composed of nine letters.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 2, is a delicious fruit.
My 1, 5, 6, 9, is a color.
My 3, 1, is the name of an ancient giant.
My 8, 3, 7, 2, is often represented by an anchor.

My 6, 7, 2, is a species of monkey.
My 3, 8, is an exclamation.
My 8, 3, 2, is a garden implement.
My 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 2, is the name of a boy.
My 8, 6, 5, 7, is a musical instrument.
My whole is an important branch of study.

A. F. A.

3. I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 7, 6, 4, 15, 13, no wagon can move without.
My 5, 1, 10, 2, is very plentiful at Long Branch.
My 6, 10, 13, is a number.
My, 8, 1, 7, is used to cause a circulation of my 9, 4, 12.
My 15, 14, 6, 12, 3, is used extensively in battle.
My 6, 11, 2, is not even.
My whole is my name.

A. F. A.

4. I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 2, 16, 4, 3, is the opposite of despair.
My 10, 16, 11, 5, 14, is made by an insect in the sea.
My 1, 2, 16, 15, is a Scandinavian god.
My 10, 16, 5, 14, abounds in Newcastle.
My 3, 14, 7, 5, is another name for Charles Lamb.
My 2, 17, 11, 4, is a musical instrument.
My 10, 14, 7, 16, is one of the Nine Muses.
My 13, 8, is a conjunction expressing condition.
My 12, 6, 9, 18, is sour.
My 4, 3, 17, 6, 3, is not war.
My whole is a great modern improvement.

V. E. H.

CHARADE.

My *first* has no voice, nor fluent tongue,
And talks quite well with finger and thumb;
My *second*, heard in every land,
Has a voice and tongue *all* understand.
It flighty is, garrulous, soft and loud;
Though thoughtless, it moves the thoughtful crowd,
Which walks and runs, sorrows and joys,
According to its music or its noise;
While *flat*, lymphatic, heavy, mute,
My *whole* is dull without dispute.

H. H. G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two cities, — one is often called the other.
My charger of the — breed.
Where oft in whirls the mad — flies.
Delightful spots, man quits ye but with life.
A little Latin word that helps to join.
Can lips so fair pronounce that cruel word?
I have a —, a little —.

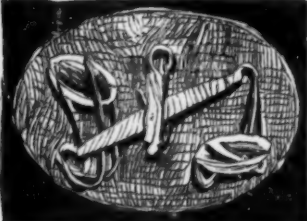
PATRIOTIC QUESTION.

Why are the emblems of America more enduring than those of France, England, Ireland, and Scotland?



OCTOBER.

Saturday . .	1	First steamboat from New York to Albany, 1807.
Sunday . .	2	André executed, 1779.
Monday . .	3	
Tuesday . .	4	Battle of Corinth, 1862.
Wednesday	5	
Thursday . .	6	Peace with Great Britain proclaimed, 1783.
Friday . . .	7	
Saturday . .	8	
Sunday . .	9	First Commencement at Harvard College, 1642.
Monday . .	10	
Tuesday . .	11	Land first seen by Columbus, 1492.
Wednesday	12	
Thursday . .	13	Burgoyne surrendered, 1777.
Friday . . .	14	William Penn born, 1644.
Saturday . .	15	Torricelli, inventor of the barometer, born, 1608.
Sunday . .	16	Kosciusko died, 1817.
Monday . .	17	
Tuesday . .	18	French abandoned Moscow, 1812.
Wednesday	19	Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781.
Thursday . .	20	
Friday . . .	21	Lord Nelson killed, 1805.
Saturday . .	22	
Sunday . .	23	
Monday . .	24	Daniel Webster died, 1852.
Tuesday . .	25	Capture of the <i>Macedonian</i> , 1812.
Wednesday	26	Noah entered the Ark, 1656, A. M.
Thursday . .	27	
Friday . . .	28	Alfred the Great died, 900.
Saturday . .	29	
Sunday . .	30	John Adams born, 1735.
Monday . .	31	





THE LITTLE RIDER.



TH



THE LITTLE PETS.



THE FIGHT ABOUT



THE QUARREL.



THE NEW SHOES.



FIGHT ABOUT A SAUSAGE.



THE KING'S DAUGHTER THAT GOT AWAY.